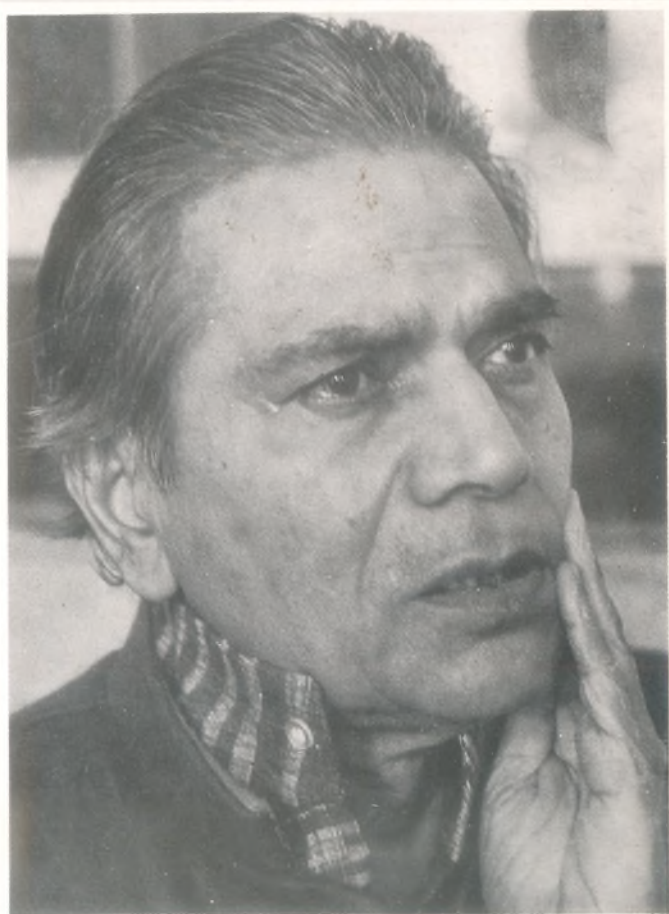


# GOA LIBERATION MOVEMENT AND MADHU LIMAYE



Edited by  
**CHAMPA LIMAYE**

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**Dedicated  
To All the Martyrs  
and  
Freedom Fighters  
in the Cause of  
Goa Liberation Movement**



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## Foreword

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On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Goa Revolution Day which commemorates the call given by Dr. Rammanohar Lohia on June 18, 1946, we recall the sacrifice of great national leaders and the Martyrs who fought for Goa's Freedom.

The clarion call, to rise against the colonial rule, given by Dr. Lohia was the beginning of the Final Phase of Goa's Freedom Struggle. The freedom movement picked up big momentum drawing the attention of prominent national leaders towards Goa. Late Shri Madhu Ramchandra Limaye was one of those noted leaders who led the people in the Freedom movement of Goa. Shri Madhu Limaye was inspired by the National Freedom Movement and it was his strong sentiment that Goa should be free from the Colonial rule and integrated with Mother India.

Late Shri Madhu Limaye's contribution to Goa's Freedom struggle is noteworthy. Madhuji led the batch of 85 Satyagrahis crossing the border at Parcem in Pednem Taluka on 24th July 1955. He was arrested and charged for anti-Portuguese activities.

Shri Limaye's contribution as a Parliamentarian in three consecutive Lok Sabhas has been well acclaimed. A noted writer—Shri Limaye's Literary works have always been appreciated by the readers.

The book, 'Goa Liberation Movement and Madhu Limaye' is an expression of Madhu Limaye's thoughts on Goa and his contribution to Goa's Freedom Movement. The book which carries the latest letters written by Shri Madhu Limaye to his friends, followers and family members will be an exclusive material on freedom struggle for the readers and researchers.

Smt. Champa Limaye who always stood by Madhuji in difficult times has taken all the pains to publish this important correspondence in a book form, adding also to it her reminiscence of Madhuji as a leader, a freedom fighter and a nationalist, who had the cause of the Nation prime in his mind.

Goa remains grateful to Shri Madhu Limaye for his contribution to Goa's Freedom Struggle. I am indeed happy that this book is being released on the occasion of Golden Jubilee celebration of Goa Revolution Day.

Panaji - Goa  
June 18, 1996

**Pratapsingh Rane**  
**Chief Minister**  
**GOA**

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## Preface

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I have great pleasure to write this Foreword to the book entitled "GOA LIBERATION MOVEMENT AND MADHU LIMAYE" which is to be published on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Goa Liberation Movement which falls on 18th June, 1996.

Since I was the Secretary of the Goa Liberation Aid Committee from the beginning, I was closely in touch with the calendar of events connected with this movement.

This book contains the pages of the diary written by Madhu Limaye during the period of his incarceration under the then Portuguese rule in Goa. The book also includes some letters written by him during the same period. The letters addressed to his little son who was only one year old, are very touching. "Some Memorable Movements", an article written by his wife Champa Limaye included here, depicts critical picture of the attitude of the then Indian Administrators towards the Goa Freedom Movement. It also covers details of the criss-cross currents of those days, which is an interesting reading. It is now amusing to go through the charges then levelled against Madhu Limaye by the Portuguese Government in the latter's charge sheet and the judgement which are incorporated in this book.

Although the Goa Liberation Movement could not achieve its object immediately, ultimately in December, 1961, the Portuguese rule in India was brought to an end. This movement was not limited to any part of India but had spread to all parts of the country. Several Satyagrahis laid their lives and thousands of them went to prison for their participation in the movement. On 15th August, 1955, the mass-satyagraha was launched. Freedom Fighters almost from all the States of India had contributed their mite.

It is to be remembered that this book is written by a veteran Socialist leader who participated in Goa struggle and who was jailed

for 19 months by the Portuguese Administration. It will be a valuable source material for the history of our struggle for Goa freedom movement. Shri Limaye was closely associated with Jayaprakash Narayan, Acharya Narendra Deo and Dr. Rammanohar Lohia and played a leading role to build a Socialist Party in the country. He was averse to Asoka Mehta's attitude to the Party. That made him to dissociate himself from the Party wrangle and participate in the Goa struggle.

He proved to be a great parliamentarian. He was greatly motivated by conviction of his thought and its logic. He was a crusader against corruption. He rationalised many of Lohia's theories.

Vasco Da Gama set foot on the soil of Goa on 7th July, 1497. From that day the Portuguese slowly worked to make Goa an integral part of the Portuguese Empire. In 1510, Alphonso de Albuquerque captured most of the parts of Goa. The expansion of the Portuguese rule in India started from the 16th century. The Old Conquest and the New Conquest were added and thus Goa was made an 'Outer province' of Portugal. This, and the rest of the history is well-known. Throughout history, Goa has been a part and parcel of India. Geographically, it is united with the rest of India. The whole natural structure of Goa is similar to that of the surrounding territory of India. It is impossible to make out the Goans from other Indians. Even if one goes through the short history of Goa, one finds that from the 8th to the 11th century, Shilaharas and Rashtrakutas, and from the 11th century onwards the Kadambas, held the centre stage in the history of Goa.

During their inglorious rule of 500 years the Portuguese rulers made systematic attempts to make Goans to forget their culture and traditions. They brought complete economic ruination for Goa. They robbed and exploited the Goan people and forced upon them the dictatorial rule of Salazar, against which the Goans were bound to revolt.

The Goa Congress Committee in 1946, in tune with the call of Quit India Movement in the rest of the country, asked the Portuguese to leave the shores of Goa, Daman and Diu. Thus started the agitation to free Goa from the tyrannical rule of the Portuguese.

For some time, even Pandit Nehru, our Prime Minister fell prey to the false propaganda of the Portuguese that the Goan culture was



different from the Indian culture. He no doubt, wanted strongly to free Goa from the Portuguese rule. He wanted a leader from within Goa to lead the freedom movement. He failed in his search and ultimately accepted Peter Alvares, a Goan, staying in Bombay, as a leader of Goa Freedom Struggle.

The Secretary of Goa Congress, T.B. Cunha was arrested and detained in Margao for presiding over the meeting of the National Congress Goa where the resolution of 'Quit Goa' was passed. A warrant for arrest of Massilon Almeida, Secretary of Bombay branch of the Goa Congress, was also issued and suit filed against him in Goa Court. Panditji wanted Goans to fight their freedom struggle first. The Satyagraha could be conducted in the cause of civil liberty. The larger question of Swarajya would await the attainment of it by the whole of India.

Really, the liberation of Goa should have been treated as an integral part of the freedom struggle of India. But in the beginning Pandit Nehru did not allow the Indian Congress to take part in this movement and to remain aloof giving only lip sympathy. Goa struggle started taking serious turn. The Government authorities like Commander Montero took up to brutal attacks on unarmed satyagrahis. The satyagrah then . . . and after was going according to the strict principles of non-violence. Police maltreated the satyagrahis. They even slapped and attacked the women. Satyagrahis were arrested and were sentenced for life. Dr. Lohia's arrest and confinement in Aguada Fort, had gained strength and momentum to the satyagraha movement for some time. The brutal behaviour of the Goa police and the heavy sentences inflicted on the satyagrahis took its toll and the number of satyagrahis started dwindling. Anyone, who was found with a Gandhi Cap on his head, was sentenced to one month in jail. Goa prisoners went on fast for ill treatment in jail and for arresting a journalist for possessing a copy of the *Kesari*. Those who shouted the slogan "Bharat Mata Ki Jai" were flogged and shaved. Shri Bhembre, Hegade, Loyla, Kakodkar were deported to Portugal. Their condition in Lisbon Jail was very bad. The condition of Goa patriots, who went on protest fast, worsened day by day. After 14 days, Shirodkar was released.

It became practically impossible for Goan satyagrahis to carry on their struggle against the Portuguese repression. Many of them were tortured to death in prison.

Peter Alvares who was accepted as a leader of the Goa struggle by Pandit Nehru came to Pune and requested the leaders of all political parties to join hands with the Goa patriots and help the struggle. Thus, the Goa Liberation Aid Committee came to be formed under the Presidentship of veteran Congress leader Shri Keshavrao Jedhe. N.G. Gore, Jayantrao Tilak and Vinayakrao Apte were appointed as Secretaries. Smt. Kamalabai Bhagwat worked as the office Secretary along with Pandit Mahadeoshastrji Joshi.

The first batch of satyagrahis sent by Goa Vimochan Sahayak Samiti (गोवा विमोचन सहायक समिति) entered Goa on 18th of May, 1955. Dr. Lohia had broken the ban put on the meetings in Goa on 18th June 1946. The issue raised at that time was whether outside Indians could participate in the freedom struggle of Goa. To that the Samiti answered categorically that Indians either within or outside Goa had equal right to fight for Goa freedom. As long as the colonial settlements were not removed, India's freedom was not going to be complete. My grand-father Lokmanya Tilak used to say that independence is the birth right of every human being and he should have it.

The batch led by N.G. Gore was of 68 satyagrahis. Senapati Bapat also accompanied the batch as one of the satyagrahis. They entered Goa from 'Ladpe' and proceeded to 'Dicholi'. After they walked some distance, the Goa Police stopped them and started beating them with lathis. Gun shots were fired in the air. Even the aged Senapati Bapat was not spared. He was beaten by a rifle butt. Gore became unconscious. Bapat was thrown in the Indian territory and Gore was taken to Panaji. Madhu Limaye has mentioned in his diary that some days thereafter Gore sent a cable to Jayantrao Tilak to stop the ongoing satyagrah. I came to know the contents of the cable, but actually the Samiti or myself did not receive the original cable. Shirubhau Limaye is stated to have scoffed at Gore's action.

The second batch was led by Shirubhau Limaye. Batches after batches were sent to Goa by the Goa Vimochan Samiti. Atmaram Patil, Rajaram Patil, V.G. Deshpande, Jagannathrao Joshi, Dajiba Bhandari, Tridib Chaudhary, Dr. Nandedkar etc., were the successive leaders of these batches. Madhu Limaye's was the 10th batch which had a strength of 100 satyagrahis. He was also beaten and taken to Panaji. This was the same brutal pattern adopted by the Portuguese. To the questions put by the Portuguese officers, Madhu Limaye told

that he was there to announce his support to the liberation of Goa and, to take part in the freedom struggle which was conducted non-violently. He told that the satyagrahis wanted to free Goa and merge it with independent India. Madhu Limaye was sentenced by the Portuguese Military Court for 12 years and was put in prison from January, 1955. But he was released on 31.1.1957 on the grounds of amnesty.

Acharya J.B. Kripalani came to Pune for Lok. Tilak Anniversary. He discussed the Goa issue with the leaders of the Goa Vimochan Samiti. He asked, "How long are you going to carry on this satyagrah and for what purpose? The satyagrahis are beaten, humiliated and are thrown back into the Indian territory. You should stop the satyagrah movement now." We told him that Pandit Nehru wanted the issue to be put on the international level so that the world would know the brutal rule of Salazar. That according to him, would facilitate to take the necessary action against the Portuguese rule in Goa. Acharya Kripalani said that nothing would happen, Panditji would not take any action. He would not like to damage his international image which was more important to him.

He analysed the Goa issue in the Parliament saying that there were two ways to deal with the situation—one was to use arms, and the second was to undertake non-violent satyagrah. We were committed to the second. Gandhiji, after Dr. Lohia's arrest 18 years back, had written in the *Harijan* that we would be able to claim the right of citizenship of free State without firing a shot.

The President of the Hindu Mahasabha, N.C. Chatterji was then in London. I sent him a cable to London asking him about the attitude of the British on this issue. He wrote to me saying that Britain had no interest in the liberation of Goa. Portuguese were friendly with them. Portugal was their market. They did not intend to disturb their relations with Portugal and oblige India.

It was, thereafter, decided that the Samiti would arrange a mass-satyagraha on 15th August, 1955. 3,150 satyagrahis were enrolled. Batches were formed to enter Goa from all sides. No batch contained more than 200 to 500 satyagrahis. The satyagrahis were deployed and were to go by trucks upto Goa borders. I went to Delhi, took Panditji's appointment and explained our plan to him. He approved our plan. He asked Lal Bahadur Shastri, the then Railway Minister to arrange for the transport of satyagrahis from Pune. When I returned

to Pune, I found to my surprise that people were offering voluntarily financial aid to the Samiti. I had not seen such a sight even during India's freedom movement. People stood in long queues to offer their help. This was remarkable.

Gadre Guruji a Sarvodayi came to see me in the *Kesari* office. He said 'Your satyagraha is not pure, neither non-violent, you have hatred against Portuguese administration in your mind.' I tried to explain to him that though satyagrahis were beaten mercilessly, they did not raise even their finger against the police. It was, therefore, a non-violent satyagrah. But, unfortunately Gadre Guruji was not satisfied.

The foreign correspondents of the *London Times*, *Daily Mirror*, the *New York Times* and the Associated Press of USA told me that our mass-satyagrah, though a part of non-violent satyagrah, was aimed to corner the Prime Minister so that he should take police action. Although I explained to them the facts, they were not convinced first. But when they saw cruel firing on the Banda border and cold-blooded killings of Karnal Singh, Thorat and Mahankal etc., they changed their opinion. Com. Chitale and Vasantrao Oak, led main batches of satyagrahis entering Banda borders. Both of them were hit by bullets by the Portuguese Military.

Morarji Desai, the then Chief Minister of Bombay state, was against offering satyagraha. He argued that when the Indian Government had an army strong enough to throw the Portuguese out of India, why one should undertake the non-violent satyagrah. He not only showed his opposition to the satyagrah but ordered to stop the vehicles which were to carry the satyagrahis to the border of Goa. The result was that in a heavily pouring rain, the satyagrahis had to walk from Belgaum to Sawantwadi and then to enter Goa through Banda border. Some entered the tunnel from 'Castle-Rock'. We were trying to avoid their massacre. The batches of satyagrahis were to enter from many points on the border. But, unfortunately, three satyagrahis died in Banda and seven in Castle Rock because of Morarji's arrogance and audacity. The Samiti President was present on the Banda border. He, in consultation with Khadilkar and others, decided to stop the satyagrah. After that, the Samiti, in its meeting in Pune, decided to continue the satyagraha individually. Thereafter, Madhu Dandavate's batch entered Goa.

The leaders of the Samiti went to Delhi to hold talks with G.B. Pant who suggested to us to put an end to the ongoing satyagrah. He said that the Government of India was not in favour of mass or individual satyagrah. "It will not help the cause", he said. This attitude of the Government of India puzzled the Samiti, and consequently, the satyagrah slowly fizzled out. But then the agitation for United Maharashtra was in good form. The Goa Samiti leaders were involved in that agitation. Naturally, the National Congress Goa and the Goa Vimochan Samiti resolved, in their Bombay meeting, to put an end to the satyagrah.

Nearly after six years, the Government of India made up its mind to initiate military action against the Portuguese rule in Goa. The Indian Army thus, entered Goa on 17th December, 1961.

In the meantime, I went to the USA. I attended the Press Conference of Dullas, the State Secretary of USA. I questioned him about the Goa issue. His answer was that the USA did not support the freedom movement of Goa as per international norms. Goa was supposed to be one of the outer districts of Portugal, according to the Portuguese Constitution. The USA, therefore, could not interfere in their internal affairs.

USA and UK criticized Pandit Nehru for the military action in Goa. It was sheer hypocrisy of the Anglo-American stand on colonial question. Knowing that the peaceful method had failed, and, after waiting patiently for years, there was no other way but to eject colonialism from the Indian soil, which India did. The truth was that, neither the USA nor the UK made any serious effort to persuade the Portuguese to liberate its colony.

If the satyagraha was illegal and out-dated, it was the duty of the whole democratic world to put out the colonial rule. This is how the epic struggle of Goa freedom was fought.

Smt. Champa Limaye deserves to be congratulated for bringing out this esteemed publication.

Pune  
10th May 1996

**Jayantrao Tilak**



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## Introduction

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Today the Goa liberation movement completes its fifty years. It is the Golden Jubilee Year. On 18 June 1946 Dr. Rammanohar Lohia had blown the bugle for the liberation of Goa from the clutches of the Portuguese rulers. The agitation started from Madgaon. The people of Goa were thrilled and they jumped into the struggle.

During 1954-55 the Goa liberation struggle was restarted. Many freedom fighters joined it from all corners of the country. Many became martyrs. Others were imprisoned for a long time. Madhu Limaye was one of the leaders who sacrificed his personal life and happiness for the liberation of Goa. When he entered Goa to offer Satyagraha, he was very ill. He was running 103 degree temperature and was suffering from acute asthmatic attack. Many people tried to dissuade him from participating in the struggle, but he remained firm like a rock in his determination. It was on a dark night in the month of *Ashadha*—25 July 1955—that the satyagrahis started from Aronda. While leading the batch of satyagrahis, Madhuji cut his foot on a pointed rock. The friends accompanying him applied medicine to the wound and bandaged it.

All the satyagrahis were severely beaten up at the Pedne police station. The Portuguese rulers used to detain the leaders, but release the other satyagrahis after severe beating. Madhuji was beaten up so much that Marathi daily *Lokamanya* published the news of his death with a question mark with a banner headline. Everybody was shocked at the news. After our Consulate in Goa was consulted, the news proved to be false.

All the satyagrahi leaders were sentenced to long years of imprisonment. Madhu Limaye was the only person who, true to the principle of satyagraha, did not defend himself. Nor did he go in for appeal. Many people tried to persuade him to defend himself, but he stuck to his principles and refused to defend himself. The satyagrahis were prepared to undergo the long detention. But owing to the international amnesty they were released after 19 months.

The first part of detention Madhuji had spent in Altinho Jail at Panaji. At Altinho, he was kept in solitary confinement for five months. After the Military Tribunal sentenced him, along with the other satyagrahis, he, too, was sent to the Fort Aguada. At Altinho and Aguada he wrote a diary, giving vent to his feelings, emotions and thoughts. At that time the ship of the Socialist Party had wrecked on the rock of cooperation with the Congress. The conflicts in the Party had reached a point of no return. Many close friends and comrades had parted company. The leaders showering love and affection had turned their backs. The Party for whose formation and expansion Madhuji had sacrificed everything—the youth, the university education, family ties, material wealth and so on—was about to split. The agony, the disappointment, the frustration, the anger at this development is reflected throughout the pages of the diary. Along with this political tragedy, he had to face lots of problems in his personal life. He was suffering from the pangs of separation from his one-year old son Aniruddha. It is reflected in the letters from Madhuji —the loving father—to his beloved son. These letters were published in book form in Marathi for the children. The book was beautifully illustrated by Shri Prabhakar Gore, an artist friend. A small portion of the diary was written in Marathi, which was translated into English.

There is also an article by Madhuji on his experiences of the Goa struggle and his subsequent life in jail. What physical pain he had to suffer owing to severe beating, the mental torture in the solitary confinement and the terrible tension on account of the split in the Party had its accumulated effect on him. On the other hand how members of the satyagrahi's family had to suffer silently can be seen through my article based on my bitter experiences—the long black night of separation, financial problems, nursing the baby in arms, its upbringing, the duties in public life and the burdens of family responsibilities. One had to face everything quietly and bravely. The journey on the thorny path of life beset with lot of difficulties is a representative report of the satyagrahis' families. These moments were a very severe test.

After Goa was liberated, the Chief Minister, Shri Pratap Singh Rane, had invited Madhuji to Goa in 1986 to honour him. After that we visited the Fort Aguada; saw Dr. Lohia's cell. This cell was decorated with flowers and the lamps were burning. Many people had come to offer their floral tributes to his sacred memory. We also



visited Madhuji's and 'other sattyagrahis' cells and participated in freedom fighters' gathering. What a great contrast! Where from when we went to see Madhuji we were unceremoniously packed off during the Portuguese regime, the very gates of the Fort Aguada accorded us a warm welcome. The tricolour national flag was hoisted by Madhuji at the Fort Aguada; for keeping aloft they were severely beaten up and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. All those memories thronged in my mind when we revisited Goa in 1986.

Even after the liberation of Goa the Indian Government had imposed permit system for entry into Goa. Madhuji decided to offer Satyagraha to remove that restriction. But the Government realised its mistake and rectified it. They removed the permit system, when Madhuji reached Goa. There is an article on Nanasaheb Goray. A controversy had started about his 'apology' to the Portuguese rulers. So Madhu Limaye refuted the accusations against Nanasaheb by stating the facts.

My friend Professor Smt. Sumati Pai-Vaidya has kindly translated Madhu's letters to our son - Aniruddha- from Marathi into English. I thank her very much for this.

I sincerely thank Shri Pratap Singh Rane, the Chief Minister of Goa, and his Government for taking interest in the publication of this book. I also profusely thank Shri Jayantrao Tilak of the Goa Vimochan Sahayak Samiti for writing the Foreword in spite of his busy schedule. I express my gratitude to Dr. Hari Dev Sharma for his invaluable help in bringing out this book.

B-11, Pandara Road  
New Delhi  
1st May 1996

**Champa Limaye**



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## Goa Diary (1955-1957)

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*Tuesday, 26 July 1955:* I got the experience how much a human body can endure. After the walk of 10-12 miles, and that incident at Pedne, I reached Panaji in the evening. There I met Jagannathrao Joshi of Jan Sangh. He gave me fresh clothes to change. He gave me a wooden plank to sleep. My whole body was aching. Whole night I was moaning with pain, Joshi said.

*Wednesday, 27 July 1955:* The foot is severely painning; don't know for how many days I will have to limp. Doctor came in the noon. Applied iodine to the foot. Remember Srawberry and Popat. I feel sorry for the bitter words on the previous night. Joshi sings devotional songs—Abhang, Shlokas, Songs. Whole day I was lying down. In between I would doze off. There is no relief from the body ache. (It is continuously painning). (I saw) Sudha Joshi- Sindhu Deshpande.

*Thursday, 28:* I have written a letter to Champa. But the trains have stopped, I don't know when it will reach her. She must be waiting anxiously. S. (Shirubhau<sup>1</sup> against Nanu<sup>2</sup> (Nanasaheb).

*Friday, 29:* Photos, finger prints, shaving, The room changed, so much crowd in the new room. There are 25 persons.

*30-31:* Started telling them stories in the evening.

*Monday, 1st August:* Met the lawyer. Narrated the whole incident. Told him about the requirements. He must have received Champa's telegram. Asked him to inform her telegraphically. Felt as if I have some connection with the world. At least I am not alone. . .

*Tuesday, 2nd August:* At night stormy weather and rains . . . thoughts. No sound sleep.

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1. Shirubhau Limaye - Participated in 1942 movement and Goa movement. Socialist leader from Maharashtra.

2. N.G. Goray - Socialist leader, former M.P. High Commissioner in U.K. during 1977-79.

*Wednesday, 3rd August:* Changed the jail. Transferred to Altinho jail which is on a hill. The room was westward. More light but more flies and mosquitoes. Less people. So the lice problem has lessened.

*Thursday, 4:* All of a sudden Chef-de-Cabinet came. The news of my death has been published in newspapers. I gave the message for telegram. What a harrowing time Champa is going through! (met) Monterro.

*Friday, 5:* Letter to Champa and the lawyer. When will she receive it? The foot is better.

*Sat. 6:* Books have come. Started reading. At night sat down for a chat. The whole body is itching and there are rashes all over.

*Sunday, 7:* At night milk-bread. Some change in the treatment.

*Tuesday, 9:* Started Sheershasan, had a haircut. Devoured 10-11 books.

*Friday, 12:* Correspondents have come to see Nanasaheb Goray, Shirubhau Limaye and myself. Message for Champa. Shiru's complaint about Nanasaheb. There is going to be a court case and sentence.

It's pretty obvious. I am only worried about the family, increasingly. Got better of the uneasiness. Eastward No. 1, kept alone. Strall, songs. I started reading the books of Churchill given to me by Nanasaheb. No sleep.

*Sat. 13:* Whole day Churchill.

*Sunday, 14:* I met a lady correspondent of *The News Chronicle*. According to her the news (of my death) appeared in *The Evening News* (may be on 3rd.) In Parliament Ashok asked a question to Nehru. . . Nehru wanted to know. Therefore the minister came. There was a lot of commotion outside, she told.

*Monday, 15:* Pleasant morning. Light breeze. Along with milk and bread they gave two bananas in the evening.

*Tue. 16:* There seems to have been a blood-shed.

*Wednesday, 17:* In the afternoon uneasiness, worry. . . Loneliness may drive a person mad. . . Ultimately thinking over the present political situation and came to some conclusions.

*Thursday, 18:* Dipawali Number 1948. Story. . . Vacuum in mind, fear, guards? Evening spent in the survey of the past. . . songs. No

sleep for the last two days. The worry can't be dispelled with day-dreaming. With great efforts could achieve peace. Finished the book on Mountbatten. Very enlightening. A ray of hope, positively. Some definite new light.

*Friday, 19:* Now a days I take care of my appearance early in the morning and take bath after some interval. In the evening completed this diary with the help of notes made earlier.

*Sat. 20:* Rains begin; nip in the air. Even then had bath. Slept well yesterday (19). The Consulate to be closed . . . threatening by sentry (guard) . . . slept well tonight (20).

*Sun. 21:* While thinking over the past, I realised one thing. The transformation in 1947. Not only from the point of the national independence. In my own life too. For the first time I attended two national conferences. I crossed the borders of Barhanpur on the North and Belgaon in the South and travelled upto Calcutta, Banaras, Agra-Delhi-Kanpur-Nagpur. In April took the study circle at Amalner. Left Khandesh. . . . In the famous Umbergaon camp I got new friends. . . Finally the visit to Europe. Due to that from provincial-district level obscure state I entered the national party politics. . . 1937 also proved to be revolutionary in the end. College life, Socialism, Kelawala<sup>1</sup>, S.M.<sup>2</sup>. . . . mainly friendship with Chaphekar-Tipnis<sup>3</sup> Kelkar. The whole year was eventful. The party which was a great hope for 17 years. . . seems to be falling apart. . . Last year's firing incident and resignation and this year's disciplinary action. Is it that every ten years new phase, the new chapter in life starts? When the new leaf will turn over after the end of present imprisonment? Not in 1957. I hope. But this is being superstitious, There is nothing sacrosanct about the number '37, '47, '57. It is just an accident.

*Mon. 22:* What is the philosophy of my life? What is my attitude towards life? What was the inspiration behind my politics? Escapism,

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1. Prof. H.D. Kelawala who encouraged Madhu Limaye to write a paper on 1935 India Act, due to which he came in contact with S.M. Joshi, the famous Socialist Party leader. Prof. Kelawala was Professor of History in the Fergusson College, Pune.

2. Shri S.M. Joshi - Prominent Socialist leader, Founder member of the C.S.P. Leader of the Samyukta Maharashtra Movement, Chief of Rashtra Seva Dal. S.M. influenced Madhu and brought him in politics.

3. Madhu's college friends - Madhu Chaphekar, Arvind Tipnis, Bhalchandra Kelkar.

comradeship? Youthful impulse to do something brave? Patriotism? Socialist Convictions? Or all these things together to some extent? The last thing proved to be more decisive. . . I am not going to read the novel *Nana* even now. Is Emil Zola an artist?

*Tuesday, 23:* The thinking about self, fear, worry, etc., are very trifle things. Other people give their blood to a great cause. Then why should I worry? Let me dream of things to come. I will start reading Churchill's third Volume.

*Thus. 25:* One realises the importance of Nakshatras. It has changed. There was not much rain in the previous fortnight. It started raining from 17-18 August, At about 4<sup>o</sup>clock in the evening there was stormy wind and rains. They are cutting the grass. I can see small shrubs in front of my window. There are small little flowers on them of violet colour. There are forest 'aloos'. Their leaves have bent due to the gushing wind. After cutting these shrubs we will have to see the weary sight of the yellow wall!

Really it is going to bring to the end one period in the prison life. . . Whenever I will go out, the old world would have come to an end. New atmosphere, new horizon, new relations, new friends circle. If not released before 1957, the elections too, would have been over. I won't have any share in the shaping of the things during that time but I won't get an opportunity to witness them or know them from a distance. No doubt it will be my misfortune but then I would have no tension also. . . But no doubt there is great fun in living life with such tension. . . These three days, in the last month. . . we started at night.

*Sat. 27:* On Thursday I was suddenly called. What for? I am ready to face anything. On the way, I came to know that Champa has come. We met in front of Antonius. She looks thinner. May be due to the worries.. The first eight days were very bad for her. She had received both the telegrams, so there was no worry about death! Yesterday morning I once again went down. Goa is so beautiful. We might have talked nearly for an hour. She was telling me that the people on the middle path have been defeated. The party condition seems to be uncertain. There will be majority in Bombay. In the national representatives it is 70%. S.M. says according to him I am no more. I am as good as dead. . . In Popat's photos he looks so different because of his hair.



I met Champa again. Yesterday and today she looked fresh. Because she has become free of the tension. She has changed a lot. Now, she has a job. She seems to have gained self-confidence. She has suffered a lot during the last three years. I hope she will be able to settle down at least now. But the mystery of the future cannot be defined.

Mani and Kamaruddin (Padmakar Kamerkar) helped her a lot. How can I thank them from here? He has sent me a beautiful chaddar of Khaddar. Day before Nanasaheb has sent me a blanket. Champa has brought me enough clothes. But what about the books? Today I have completed *Nana* ultimately. Last hundred pages were really absorbing. It is too bulky. So also there is no central theme as such. . . In between, the author expresses his own views. . . ! (Three volumes of Churchill means a matter of nearly 1,800 pages. That too I have finished. . . Now what do I read next?)

*Tue. 30:* I was having a nap in the noon but today my mind is restless. . . There is a sort of longing, Champa was to leave today, she might have already left. She came and made me happy and also made good arrangements for me, she has enhanced my prestige. . . Even then there is a sort of longing. . . Last four-five days were full of activities. . .

Sunday morning I waited. In the afternoon (after shave and haircut in the morning) we were all taken to the lawyer. It was the last meeting. Father Carreno<sup>1</sup> is going to look after hence forth. Did not meet Champa. Yesterday (on Monday) she came at about 11-12 in the morning. Met Shiru-Nanasaheb also. But went away early. Met her in the afternoon from 4 to 6.30. Long interview. I got all the things. I told her to live happily with Popat. When am I going to meet them again?

I arranged my clothes neatly in the evening. I was feeling asthmatic in the morning. There was no trouble today but could not get sleep after midnight. Worry about Poona home (family). But what can be achieved through worry? It is no use worrying. What can I do? Party condition is such that in the coming 4-5 months I have no work outside. After that, I don't know what is going to happen!

*Wed. 31st Aug:* Yesterday I saw outside after it was dark for a long time. There were no clouds in the sky and the moon peeped

<sup>1</sup> Father Carreno - A Spanish father in Goa who looked after the satyagrahis. He supplied Madhu papers like *Time*, *Economist* etc., regularly.

through. Since I came here, I saw it for the first time. It is difficult to say which 'tithi' it was. May be 'trayodashi'. I have started eating cheese and chocolate. "To see Popat (pictures) in the morning" is the rule!

*September 2, Fri.:* 30th evening I felt heaviness in the chest. While walking I remembered the incidents of life in Dhulia. That upstairs room, the strike of the beedi workers, visit to Mohadi in connection with the mill workers strike, to attend district (Congress) Committee meeting, journey to Dondaiche by special car, met Shankarrao Dev there. . . Advocate Paranjape<sup>1</sup> was surprised because I did not return for the college, the morning procession of 26 January. . . Ashtaputre<sup>2</sup>, the song sung by Pathan—"Swatantrata ki Prabhat ai neend se ab jago" (The morning of independence has come, please get up from the sleep), tour of Sakri, imprisonment—solitary life in Dhulia Jail.

On 30th night suffered a lot because of the asthma spasm. What a shame! That asthma should trouble me in this condition! The morning was pleasant. Spent the day happily. It was cool and sunny throughout the day. Since last week, I have been able to take my bath every day.

Yesterday I got up in the midnight. I don't know when I will be alright. *History of the United States* is almost finished. I have completed Gandhiji's *Rebuilding of the Village*.

*September, 4, Sunday:* 2nd night was bad. Yesterday it was alright. Now I think I will be O.K. Yesterday father Carreno came to see me.

*Sept 4, 1955, Sunday:* The dead monotony of prison life. . . only broken when correspondents call or interviewers like Champa and Father Carreno come to see me. Otherwise days pass into nights and nights break into days in endless succession. . . I have a feeling of boredom, especially since this afternoon, which transcends the prison life. I think about pleasant happenings and escapades, but I have only to rest my mind on them and they lose their charm almost instantaneously. Only an all-pervading feeling of futility or, to be exact, boredom, deep and abiding, remains. What is the meaning of existence?

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1. Advocate Paranjape - A Socialist worker from Dhulia, who was very friendly with Madhu.

2. Dr. Mrs. Kamala Ashtaputre was taking keen interest in the political activities in Dhulia. She used to supply Madhu with books.

Every day that passes deepens my conviction that this is a white man's world, has always been and will continue to be. There is no escape from this brutal fact, no matter what Nehru and others say about India and China as two great powers of the future. I do not deny the possibility of their increasing their material strength after years of efforts. But the basic pattern of Indian life, with its abject misery and squalor, will it change substantially? I was reading a history of the United States. . . life there of the common man and woman must be deemed happy—at least the material requirements of a happy existence are within reach of every citizen. Of course, the ultimate question of the end of human endeavour—of man's quest remains. But who has ever answered it. At least on that level the problem will lose its present poignancy and could be faced in a manly way. But this is not for us Indians.

Time was when we thought we have a key to riddle of existence; atleast a ready solution to all our material difficulties and problems. From this conviction we derived great mental satisfaction and inspiration. Since then, there has been a great elaboration of the doctrine—but on the theoretical plane. The actual life-practice, has become impoverished, devoid of content, of meaning, in terms of Socialist ideals. Constructive work and bhoodan could have filled the void but they have today become instruments of policies and philosophies which completely destroy the usefulness of the concrete good, here and now they seek to do; they are no less harmful than the "concrete good" that is being done in development areas on the bureaucratic level. . .

While countering vigorously "paralytic Socialism" care must be taken to avoid the pitfalls of purely "denunciatory Socialism"; to restore to Socialism intellectual clarity and emotional warmth. . . then that can come only if Socialist ideals inform and define our day to day activities. . .

Or is it really the spiritual impoverishment of the various individuals that constitute the different trends that is at the root of the crisis, and the malady of cooperation and denunciation and do nothing about middle coursism only symptoms of this ailment? . . .

What is it that enabled us to live on 15 rupees a month? Everything cannot be explained by cost of living index. Is it age or married life? Or that we have all become comfort-loving?

In 1939-42 I lived on 15 chips; S.M. in 1938 lived in a small room on brown bread and fruits. And today?

Apart from the apartment—Bombay's housing problem being difficult—could I not live more simply in other matters? Anyway I must try.

*Wed., 7, September:* On the 4-5th, early morning I used to get up. I had to sleep upside down otherwise it was difficult to breathe. Worry about Poona family. After Champa's meeting I am not worried about her or Kalumiya (Aniruddha). Oh Yes ! Nanasaheb has made a sketch with the help of Popat's photo. Because he has not seen him it has not come upto the mark. There is no resemblance at all! . . . Yesterday I slept well. I eat only one bread at night. There are crows sitting on the wall. In between ducks and hens also come. I give them bread crumbs. Ducks cannot pick up big pieces. Cunning crows take them away. I don't know why the crows were frightened today. I saw small, yellow butterflies in the noon. Though the grass has been removed, some of them are still here. In the evening I remembered the Punjabi prisoner in the Visapur jail. "Aj Koi toote huve", "Ghata ghan ghor ghor" these songs and Ramkuvar's songs in Worli jail, "Ahe Bharat ke veero jago", "San Bechaliska Laga Jamana" I was singing these kawwalis.

*Thursday, 8:* Today's meal was extra-ordinarily delicious. Potato chips (yesterday also were there) Potato vegetable, the other two vegetables, usal, buttermilk and saar (soup)!

A fine afternoon—sunny and breezy! In between there are clouds. There are violet and white flowers on the grass. . . Champa has got such old sari, given by Pramila! The health is neither improving nor there is any severe attack also. As I have spent the month of August so also this one and the rest of others? If it happens like that? I met Shiru and Nanasaheb today. Today I shaved myself. First I did it on Tuesday. I propose shaving on every alternate days.

*Sunday, 11:* Radhakrishnan's<sup>2</sup> Indian philosophy is still reading. My progress is inevitably slow. . . *Shannon's Way* which I finished day before is good.

Day before yesterday I heard the sound of visitors to Shiru Nanasaheb. I have received the things sent by Champa. The ants attacked the cashewnuts.

1. Pramila Chitre, Champa's elder sister.

2. Dr. S. Radhakrishnan - India's second President, Great Philosopher.

Sometimes I get bored, as yesterday and then imagine myself on a beach or in some park drinking innumerable glasses of beer with friends to drown my boredom.

Yesterday asthma was severe. What shame!

Today I have sent dry fruits to two friends and Rajaram, Shiru.

Just now in the evening Christian youths in the other rooms were singing "Song of love is a sad song, you will ask me how I know." they were singing in a strange voice. Sometimes they sing "Too many nights, too many days". Not good, yet gives me a feeling that I am a part of a group!

*Tuesday, 13:* I was feeling slightly dejected due to Asthma. I was not in a mood to walk after lighting an agarbatti. Therefore I looked at Straw (berry)'s<sup>1</sup> and Popat's photographs. Today in the noon the room was cleaned with D.D.T. I think my letter has not been sent. "Popat, please cure me."

Yesterday Father Carreno sent me some Catholic and other magazines. At night I started reading *Readers Digest* Dec. 54 issue. This morning I enjoyed the summary of *The Gentle House*. How broad are the hearts of the Americans. Of course there is no dearth of money. Even then without humanitarian feelings, it is not possible.

For three days I am eating dry fruits and cheese. Nanasahab has sent lemon pickle. I have distributed more things today.

*Friday, 16:* Wednesday was a bright day, which I realised when I looked out in forenoon. The glare was so strong it hurt my eyes. The last two days, too, have been bright.

There was pleasant breeze yesterday and today, in the evening, On both the days there were few minutes of lovely twilight. I felt in the heart of my heart it would have been fun. . . roaming about in this weather. This evening what Popat and his mother might be doing. . . Might have gone to the garden for a stroll?

On Tuesday and Thursday had problems (uneasiness), at night. Wednesday the doctor gave me some mixture; may be due to that or by an article in the *Catholic Digest* on how F.D.R.<sup>2</sup> conquered his paralysis with the help of his will-power. I slept soundly. Have

1. Champa's pet name.

2. Franklin Roosevelt - U.S.A.'s President during the II<sup>nd</sup> world war (1933-1945).

finished Radhakrishnan's philosophy according to schedule. It took me nearly twelve days. But this was not the only book that I was reading!

Doctor has expounded his "new moon asthma theory. He predicts a bad night for me today also (as Yesterday).

*Sunday, 18:* Doctor's conjecture proved to be wrong. On both the nights I slept well. . . Day before yesterday night (Friday) we got an opportunity to listen to (horrible) gramophone music. This afternoon once again I heard the Western music. Let the music be of any type, it changes the atmosphere in the jail. Yesterday was a cloudy day—beginning of a new moon (Nakshatra)? On Friday night started *Churchill's Vol. IV*; will finish it tomorrow noon!

Yesterday from the conversation of the neighbours I realised that something is cooking. 'Ganesh Chaturthy' is on 20th Sept. I had guessed it with the help of moon digits.

*Monday, 19:* Before meals in the evening there was heavy rainfall and because of that there was pleasant coolness in the weather. If it rains at night like this the mosquito menace will be less. Will get sound sleep. Yesterday evening I saw the scene of my life after the elections. . . I remembered the evening in the spring, which I spent in the forest of Vienna in the company of Jenny<sup>1</sup> and her Austro-American friend!

Sometimes I remember the relatives with whom I had close company from their acquaintance. Four-five days back I thought over Bandoo<sup>2</sup>-Vinayak<sup>3</sup>-Dada<sup>4</sup>-Kamaru.<sup>5</sup> After eating milk and bread, before going to bed I was singing (humming) Bhairavi tunes. I felt a strong urge to hold Popat and play with him! It will surely materialise some day.

I have not wasted the days in gaol. Since the beginning of this month the 'nightmare' has faded, and we are settling down. I have read over 8,000 pages in 45 days, and for some days I had nothing to read. Since last September, I have been living under great tension and

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1. Jenny Strasser - An Austrian Socialist lady, dedicated to her cause. Peter & Jenny were Madhu's friends.

2. Keshav Goray - Active Socialist friend, Mrinal Goray's husband.

3. Vinayak Kulkarni - Socialist comrade, Trade union leader.

4. Advocate S.B. Naik - Socialist friend, active worker.

5. Advocate Padmakar Kamerkar - Socialist friend, used to stay together with Madhu in Meghabhuvan in Parasi Colony, Dadar, Bombay.

am atleast free from that end, and as I have earlier observed, I have no useful role to play till the beginning of the new year when the process of disintegration will be over and that of reformation will have begun. In the interval, not a bad idea to show solidarity and suffer, and lead an isolated existence reading or musing over the purpose and accidents of life!

So good night C. and Popat:!

*Friday, 23:* Three sleepless nights, especially on 'Ganesh Chaturthy'-20! Asthma, musings and imagining! helped by coffee served on 20th and 21st!

'Ganesh Chaturthy' and next day there were sweets in the meal; in the morning 'karanjees' (Champa's 'kanole') and rice kheer; at night kadaboo and besan laddoo-coffee! yesterday food was O.K. At night kadaboo and besan laddoo-coffee! yesterday food was O.K. At night they gave one 'karanjee' along with bread. But today's lunch was a painful contrast; the jackfruit chips have replaced potatoes!

On 'Ganesh Chaturthy' they have cleared the remaining green grass. Now it looks quite barren outside. The grass that was cut and the earth that was dug has been removed. Today I have read nothing. Yesterday I started with Abraham Lincoln. But today I have not opened a single page. In the morning they took us for declaration. Discussion. The chap was alright. I signed. I objected to 'Clandestine' entry and "Subversive" leaflets. He assured me that in Portuguese it does not mean "Secret" or "Violent". I accepted his explanation. He criticised Nehru. Said Gandhi is a good man and I am a dreamer! I slept for a longer time in the noon. I had a funny feeling afterwards. Had some dream or something. Felt uneasy to hear that some people had apologised. . . . Day before yesterday all of a sudden I saw everybody. Today I received a letter from L.S. Joshi of Pandharpur. That means the letters are being sent and are received. Has Champa received mine? Why is she not writing? . . .

I read the note stuck outside, "I am incommunicable!" Yesterday I shaved off my mustache. I looked odd!

*Sunday 25:* Two more evil days! Practically read nothing. . . Three resolves regarding "Straw". Sometimes I feel the utter purposelessness of man's existence. . .

Has Socialism and Socialist Party in India any future? Indeed has

India and Asia any future? Is not destiny dogging our every step? Could we escape it? The "inferiority" of the coloured races hurts.

The poverty and misery of India, its caste and communal divisions, the partition of the country which is a sore to me and with which I cannot still reconcile myself, the disruption of the PSP, my personal limitations and those of my friends, how can we achieve anything worthwhile?

Is that the secret of flights of imagination? brooding over hypothetical questions: Could we have achieved national unification without the British? Could we have prevented partition by developing the national movement differently? Religion alone arouses the people and it inevitably divides. Woe to people like us whom the bug of Western nationalism has bitten! We read of American Civil War and of Garibaldi. But we could not wage one in 1946-47-48.

I see no light in regard to our current problems. Ideas and schemes without the instrument for enforcing them are unrealistic. And instruments cannot be created in solitary confinement!

*Wednesday, 28:* Day before yesterday again I had to go to the international police. To recognise the leaflets distributed! For the last 8-10 days the weather is cloudy, it also rains intermittently. This morning I have completed VI volume of Churchill. Quite a feat. Day before I had started, that day I had read less. Therefore I was not sure whether I would be able to complete it within three days. But yesterday I read nearly 260 pages.

Asthma is alright for the last two days. Because the nightmare has disappeared, or due to will (power)?

*Thursday, 29:* Nanasahab has been given 12 years' sentence. If he will have to undergo the entire period, he will be released at the age of sixty; and I will be released when I will be forty-five! Does not matter. What more is to be achieved in life? Let it end that way. I saw Mahagujarath.<sup>1</sup> I prepared a letter to sent to Champa.

*Sunday, October 2:* Three rainy days and three stormy nights. Slept well. No asthma trouble. Resolves of Gandhi Jayanti. Completed Abraham Lincoln, and read an E. Hemingway story.

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1. Kumudben - Ishwarbhai Desai's wife. Ishwarbhai Desai - Gujarat Socialist leader, who was also imprisoned in Goa, sentenced to 12 years imprisonment.



*Tuesday, October 4:* The weather, after a momentary promise to clear up in the forenoon continued to be murky, though less rainy than yesterday. Sound sleep in the nights, and nap yesterday in the forenoon and today afternoon. "Dada" (Shirubhau Limaye), has got twelve years too; seems they are quick; let it be over! I felt in the evening that I was no longer young. Not a painful realisation, just a curious feeling. At 33, this would seem odd. But considering the fact that I started early and what I have gone through this is not very surprising. Looking back, I cannot but feel that though I could have done much better, generally I have spent my adolescence and youth in a useful manner.

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*Fantasy or dream?*

Popat said, "I won't talk to Bhai."

Popat's mother asked him, "Why don't you talk? Bhai is ours isn't it?"

Popat said, "Then why does he leave us? Do Santosh's father<sup>1</sup> and Zelum's daddy<sup>2</sup> behave that way?"

\*            \*            \*

Popat said, "Bhai, come on, let us go home."

Bhai said, "Police don't allow me to go."

Popat asked the police, "Why don't you allow our Bhai to go?"

"I will report your name to my mother." Police got frightened and allowed Popat's Bhai to go.

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I think the rains are over for good. The clear autumn days (how lovely are in Kashmir and Europe) are not too hot as I feared they were day before, the terror of book famine overwhelms me for a while. But then books came for Joshi, who it was, it is now clear, that sent me the eggs two days back. He says there is a possibility of my seeing Popat within two-three months. Have posted a letter to Dada Naik yesterday.

1. S.Y. Gupte - Champa's elder brother. Retired Income Tax Commissioner.

2. Prof. Sadanand Varde - Socialist friend, Champa's colleague, Education Minister in Maharashtra during the Janata Party period. *Sadhana's* editor.

Popat's (enlarged) photo has come with Nanasaheb without my having asked for it.

*Monday, 10:* Hearing Jagannathrao Joshi's<sup>1</sup> reports I started thinking about the outside situation. Whatever may happen it is difficult to work with senile Acharyas, pseudo-saints, machine politicians.

Yesterday evening I spoke to myself in English on social reforms, religion, reasoning, national unity, the future of Hindu-Muslims. A few days back I spoke in similar manner on Nehru's personality and the national situation. Today I spoke in Hindi on the party-situation. J.P.'s unsuccessful leadership. But the speech was incomplete. There was no continuity and stability in his thinking, (travelled from Communism to Gandhism) lacking in determination and perseverance desire to follow Communists and now going after Vinoba. He has always been following Nehru, blindly. Cambell Johnson's observation about his wavering between a policy of opposition and cooperation is accurate and prophetic. How many more oscillations are in store? Or will he stay anchored to Bhoodan? I have doubts about that.

Today Jagannathrao and Chaudhary<sup>2</sup> have become my neighbours. Since yesterday cheese. Today our sentry seems to be angry.

*Wed. 12:* Yesterday, at the end of my soliloquy, I decided firmly casting aside escapism and day-dreaming, taking into consideration reality, to work. It was equally revolutionary like December 1938. Even if I have to spend 20 more years in wilderness for Socialism and Party building.

I remember lot of funny things of Popat after he left Amalner. How I pacified him at Jalgaon, taught him to hold his milk bottle. Whenever I would go out he would cry, looking at flowers and children he would feel happy, while waring county (hat) how he would protest, would wave at me, how after looking at the fishes in aquarium he started imitating them, used to play with the rabbit of Vinayak, used to come to Sudha's<sup>3</sup> room to catch me and then used to go around himself, after touching the hot cup of tea, never touched it

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1. Jagannathrao Joshi - Jan Sangh leader from Karnatak and M. P., who was with Madhu in Goa.

2. Tridib Chaudhary - leader of the R.S.P. from Bengal, M.P. Was sentenced to 12 year's imprisonment.

3. Sudha Sane (Boda) our friend who looked after Popat very affectionately. She and her husband Narayan stayed with us for some years. She was a Trade union leader, later became LIC officer.

again, used to pull Champa's hair, would play all sorts of pranks with her, that mischievous smile and the fun we had on the last night! Talk. . . sitting under the table, used to go to Naloo-Anu<sup>1</sup>. It is not fair that I should care for you so much more than my wife—after all she is my darling and you are here because of her!

This morning I have finished *Great Men of India*. The picture of Mahaveer, Kabeer, Ashok, Babar etc., are O.K.

In the morning a horrible haircut—scratching by a rat!

*Thursday, 13:* There is the description of Rama's child's play in Tulsidas's *Ramcharitmanas*. Because of that and by humming in the morning tunes of the song "Palana Rangit Banavila" (The colourful swing was made and on all sides it was decorated with parrots and mynahs). Before my inner eye, the mystic and beautiful riddle of creation and growth unfolded itself. The mystery made me not only wonder but cry, as I think both these are personified in Popat.

*Saturday, 15:* A good day, I must say, although slept very little last night thanks to the mosquitoes. Antonius suddenly showed up and gave Suman's<sup>2</sup> (Limaye) letter. Bal (Mohan Limaye)<sup>3</sup> got tutorship and scholarship. More income for family. Now no worry till end of May—at least April. Popat and Straw alright; but P has not yet learnt to walk. That worries me a bit. But he has been a retarded baby 5½ pounds without mother's milk: late teething, everything late. Sending a telegram to Straw (Straw-Strawberry-Champa) Letter to her not posted! Routine: I shave every other day. Manicuring every fortnight and month. Daily bath.

*Thursday, 20:* At the mealtime, I received a letter from Strawberry (Champa) sent 20 days back. I was so full of joy that I could hardly eat. For some time past the food has been rotten. Today it almost caused nausea.

These last few days, we are having funny weather, sun, clouds, rains and wind. On Monday morning had sent telegram to Straw.

Read Mashruwala's third rate "*Gandhi and Marx*". Vinoba's<sup>4</sup> intentions in regard to Varnavyavastha are clear from the introduction

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1. Nalini Bapat - Vasant Bapat's wife from Rashtra Seva Dal.

2. Madhu's younger sister.

3. Madhu's younger brother. Professor in U.S.A.

4. Vinoba Bhave - First individual sattyagrahi, great scholar, started Bhoodan Movement.

and Swarajya Shastra— including the *hereditary* principle! Is it not the new type of Brahmanical order? His pro-Congressism is obvious.

*"East of Eden"* is in places lovely. But rather sentimental; overdraws the chink and is raised on an unconvincing foundation— Cathy. At the end the non-human Cathy becomes almost sentimental. One wonders why she did not send for a priest! I like Sam Hamilton. The biblical theme is rather strained. Jehovah is either wicked or avaricious!

I think I must sleep over my darling's letter. *The new individuality* peeps out from the letter, and I like her all the more for it!

*Sunday, 23:* I often look into the mirror and am disgusted at my sickly yellowish face, the wrinkles around my eyes. Sometimes they ache. Due to insufficient sleep. I wake up at the first crowing of the cock. Can't sleep afterwards. . . . I had a nice nap this afternoon and suddenly there was colour in the deathly pale complexion and eyes, too looked large.

Thrice have I read Champa's letter. . . . Her reference to delicious dishes waters my mouth and I imagine what things I would eat upon my release. . . .

The weather continues cloudy. . . . In the yard outside, there is green growth again. I made 'Legend and Stories', normally a day's fare, last three days, fearful that I would have nothing to read after a few days. . . .

From today, goodbye to "shivrak". I had prawn curry instead, although had to fish for prawns!

*Monday, 24:* I should like to transmit the following to my friends in Bombay and Maharashtra:

"No matter what your ultimate decision be—and I am sure you will follow your lights and make a wise decision—I am personally resolved to give 20 years of my mature life to the task of creating a new party of socialism. I gave 17 years of my adolescence and youth to CSP-SP-PSP; but although our ideals were good, the party gods we worshipped were clay gods and so the whole edifice has crumbled. With firmness of faith and perseverance we must create from the ruins a fitter instrument to realise our ideals. If 20 years endeavour does not yield results, I shall retire from politics."

*Wed. 26:* The incident that took place three months ago. The brutal beating. No tea, not even water until the evening. At Panjim I was kicked brutally all over!

The small flowers on the plants outside have blossomed . . . tiny little white flowers almost like white dots. . . Weather is still rainy-cloudy. Probably it was Dassara yesterday. I am informed that Diwali is on 13th. Heard yesterday that Rajaram (Patil) and Jagannathrao Joshi have also been sentenced. . . Last two days I have been eagerly waiting for Straw's letter. Hence postponed sending a telegram. Dada (Shirubhau) has been asking every day about the letter and has in the process unnecessarily caused anxiety to myself. Really there is no need to worry. Straw and Popat are all right. Resolved to write in next two months a 'Critique of Sarvodaya' and 'Stocktaking.'

*Sunday, 30:* Tonight is full moon night; Sky is virtually clear of clouds. If there had not been lights so soon, it would have been much better. The sight of the moon has scarcely been so pleasant!

Since the 27th night there was no letter, not even stamps or any news from the police headquarters, I got very angry. After waiting for a few weeks, I was planning to use my ultimate weapon of fasting. But on the 28th night I received Bandu's letter and also some stamps. Straw has definitely received my letter of 29th September. How could she receive it so soon? May be Antonious sent it on Saturday, 15 itself? Then why did I receive Bandu's letter of 19th after 9 days?

Yes, the new Socialist Party is coming into being! That caused great excitement and I could not sleep well. I dreamt of the refusal of Anna<sup>1</sup>, Gangadhar<sup>2</sup> and Babu<sup>3</sup> to joining. Even in dream I was shocked by Anna's attitude! so funny!

Finished British Patriotism: These Anglo-Saxons! When it is France they would deride Latin civilization and the Roman conquest of the Gallic soul. When it is papacy or Italy then its spiritual imperium and new caesar. When it is Germany then it is Prussian consummation of the Roman principle. When it is Russia, then oriental or Byzantine absolutism! Poor East, poor Orient!

Shiru says *Sadhana*<sup>4</sup> has gone to Poona, along with the press.

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1. V.N. Sane - Socialist friend and Trade union leader. He stayed with Madhu in Dhulia.

2. Gangadhar Ogale - Trade union leader from Shirampur, Maharashtra, Socialist leader.

3. Vasant Upadhye - Socialist comrade from Nasik.

4. A weekly started by Sane Guruji, who wanted Madhu to take over it. Madhu could not take over because of the other political work.

*Tuesday, 1 Nov.:* Letters dated 1st Nov. forwarded to Straw, Bandu and Suman. At present I am reading Sarvodaya. Possible motives for Gandhiji's advocating trusteeship: (1) resistance and violence which measures of nationalisation or expropriation may produce; (2) to enable the nation to use the owners' managerial abilities; (3) to prevent their transportation into servants of the state and (4) concentration of power in the hands of the state. But the origin of the theory is wishful dreaming and obsessional fear of class war and centralisation of power.

*Wednesday 2:* The weather is getting funnier. Day before yesterday morning there was thick fog, so thick that even the water tank opposite remained invisible for quite some time; but the same midnight it rained; this afternoon again it suddenly became cloudy and rained heavily for a while. What a mistake to have thought that the fog heralded the coming of cold weather! These explosions are a nuisance. I mistook them for artillery practice, but the cab says that they are dynamites; probably they are building around the hill.

P.S.: From behind a big patch of black cloud, the moon is slowly peeping out, covering the circumference of the patch with silver lace.

*Thursday 3:* Tribunal: They said: You can give defence, produce witnesses, engage a lawyer or this man will plead for you. I replied, "I don't want to offer any defence; I stand by what I said in my statement before the police." I want to be finished with the whole damn farce.

*Wednesday 9:* I met Father Carreno on Friday evening. He was surprised to see me in such good health. Winter has set in at last. The skin on the face has started chapping. I always eagerly wait for Champa's letter. Now she has holidays. Then why is she not sending me a letter? Sometimes I get angry with her. . .

I have a plan to prepare a symposium on the Decade of Independence. I want to draw a graph of progress and setbacks in the last 10 years; and I think it should become the foundation of the policies and working of the new party. Feel like writing to Bandu (Gore) and Anna (Sane) about this.

*Friday 11:* Shiru says Sumatibai (Goray)<sup>1</sup> met Nehru and he said we won't be detained for a long time. Why should she go abegging at Mr. Nehru's door? If my wife should do such a thing—which I think

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1. N.G. Goray's wife was MLC in Maharashtra.

she won't do—I would hang my head in shame! Any way what he told her about early release, must have been by way of consolation!

*12 November:* Today is Jaya's (Gupte)<sup>1</sup> birthday. I wanted to celebrate it with fruit cocktail (Today happens to be S.M.'s birthday too). They did not open the can. You have to face such disappointments during the jail life many a times. But these small pinpricks do irritate. The second can I have preserved for 19 December. Who knows, the same story may be repeated even on that day! Tridib Choudhary has also been sentenced. Now he has been kept with Rajaram<sup>2</sup>-Joshi. I heard today that they had sent a message through Nanasaheb that I should give defence. But he had no courage to convey it to me. That's alright. He knows that once I take a decision there is nothing that can shake me from it. And in this particular instance he probably vaguely feels that I did the right thing. There is no question of my going in for an appeal. Champa may not like it. But that cannot be helped. Perhaps Gorays might retort as to why Lohia defended himself on the last two occasions. The answer is simple. He defended in free India which pretends to a democratic constitution, and Lohia sought to prove that S.P. Act of 1932 and his detention under it and Section 144 in Manipur were violation of citizen's liberties even within the meaning of the Constitution which, as is well known, greatly restricts these freedoms.

*14 November:* Yesterday's Dipawali was rather uneventful, although I was touched by the kindness or goodwill of the common man. That was illustrated by the *Sudamyache Pohe* of the tea contractor! I also got the fruitcans opened by the stiffnecked; gave one to Rajaram who has brought to me; and as a Dipawali favour I was also taken out to wash and bathe along with No.5.

Today father (Karreno) sent *Time*. Suddenly I got a glimpse of the outside world from which I have been shut off for over three months. Peron is in exile; Eisenhower<sup>3</sup> is convalescing; the Indonesians have had their first elections at last! With Nationalists and Masjumi coming on top; (what's happened to the rotten PSI?) Troubles in South Africa; economic crisis in Turkey; Japanese Socialists have reunited (while we are splitting off); the new administrative map drawn up by the

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1. Jayashree Hajarnavees - Champa's niece, medical practitioner in U.K.

2. Rajaram Patil - Communist comrade in Goa jail.

3. General Eisenhower - America's President (1953-61).

S.R.C. (States Reorganisation Committee). The Sikhs and the Marathas—the “anti-national” forces alone are chained in bilingual States. Penalty for their imperial past? . . . And yes, Attlee<sup>1</sup> is retiring, finally.

I cannot help recalling N.G.’s (Nanasaheb Goray). “Back home for Divali” appeal with malicious delight.

*17 November:* Time has transplanted me to the world of American civilization, with its breakneck speed, high efficiency, cut throat competition and highpowered advertising. It is a veritable fairyland, desirable in many ways—it has made life for the common man happy or at least has created the necessary conditions for his happiness—but not without its dark spots. The racist doctrine still lurks—the *Till* case made me boil with rage. But that is not the main disquieting feature. This speed and haste, this endless catering to man’s creature comforts where is it going to lead? That makes one pause and think! Suman’s letter. Popat has gone to Amalner for Divali. Why Straw does not write?

*Tuesday, 22 November:* Since Saturday we are having a total blackout, the electric poles have crashed it is said; that enables me to see the splendour of the starlit and moonlit night! . . . Yesterday after lunch I sat in an expectant mood somehow feeling that Straw’s letter would come and lo! and behold the stiffnecked walked in with one of 4th Nov., but apparently posted by Naro (Narayan Shetye)<sup>2</sup> on 16th, the day on which she must have returned from Amalner. The Bombay SP is born and am glad that D’mello<sup>3</sup> and Bandu are Chairman and Secretary. S.M. apparently has assumed the leadership, with (Madhu) Dandavate<sup>4</sup> as the Prince of Wales. Brijlal (Patil)<sup>5</sup> has gone over, he is married and the saint (SM) must have helped him.

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1. Clément Attlee - England’s Prime Minister of the Labour Party, after the II<sup>nd</sup> World War. India won freedom in his regime.

2. Narayan Shetye - A close friend who stayed in Meghabhuvan commune with Madhu and later on with us in Khar. A Supreme Court Senior Counsel.

3. P’Demello - Famous trade union leader of the Port Trust. Later Maharashtra Socialist Party’s Chairman.

4. Prof. Madhu Dandavate - Prominent Socialist leader. M.P. from 1971-1991. Central Railway Minister (1977) and Finance Minister (1989). Earlier Professor of Physics in the Siddharth College, Bombay.

5. Brijlal Patil - Socialist comrade from Jalgaon. A Journalist.



After all he has material resources, a few wealthy contacts, his Assembly position, two presses and the dutiful RSD (Rashtra Seva Dal) Godsent to him.

Real fight is with the saintly humbug and spiritual hocuspocus in India and nearer home and we must brace ourselves for it. . . Popat has become a real "goonda" and he will come in X'mas!!

*Monday 28:* Lovely moon today. I wish there were blackout tonight also! Friday evening Father came along to see us. Saturday morning around 9.30 a.m. I was given a letter by Champa. Spent practically the whole morning and afternoon writing to her yesterday. The letter of course is dated 28th.

My programme was upset by the letter. I danced with joy. Popat and his mummie! I love them deeply. X'mas will be jolly.

*Sunday, 4 December:* The warm spell that set in the week before last has not run out its course. If this is the shape of winter in Gomantak I must say I don't like it at all.

Tagore's *Gitanjali* and *Fruit Gathering*; I found the sameness of the mystical poetry tiresome. There's not a thing that has not been expressed equally beautifully by Kabir and Tukaram. It is easy enough to understand why it was the Europe of material prosperity and progress that was swept off its feet, and not poverty-stricken India steeped in Mira and Kabir and Surdas and Tukaram. But *The Crescent Moon*, what a refreshing contrast and to a lesser extent the love songs of *Gardener*. Perhaps it is my peculiar circumstance today that makes *Crescent Moon* pleasant! Have written down a passage from F.G.s and C.M. for Champa—my birthday gift.

A new sight these days. A hen and her brood of eight. She teaches them how to feed; she can be terribly fierce when it is a question of protecting her offsprings. How she chases away the crows; and what hell she gave that pup of the Army boys yesterday!

One thing has aroused my curiosity: For a long time I have been waking up a little before the first crowing of the cock, with the regularity of the clockwork!

I am incommunicable, indeed! I cannot but laugh; For who can prevent the large-hearted birds from bringing their gifts to my window and me from sharing my modest wit with them?

"A mind all logic is like a knife all blade.  
It makes the hand bleed that uses it."

— Stray Birds CXCI

Nicely said, no doubt, but is this a defence of unreason?

*Saturday, 10 December:* Read another American family saga. Why must they write about three or four generations always? The Pedlocks is certainly not worse than the *East of Eden*, which of course, is not much of tribute. I do not know why I went through the Collected Works of Tagore. He is a poor playwright. And so far as his poetry is concerned, I am fed up with his two-thousand year old conventional imagery about stones and lightening and birds singing and flowers dancing and village girls going to the pools with pitchers on their hips and other death's kiss and all that! Ah! the chicks are growing, including the sickly "old boy". The rascals relish fish, but not rice and peas. In the beginning I counted them anxiously, afraid that some might have died or been stolen. But no. The hen is mothering them alright. Three of them are white.

If Popat were to spend a few days with me, he won't starve. I would feed him with sweets and fish! These three days have been getting real good fish. . . (PVG) Raju's<sup>1</sup> letter on 6th of date 14th November. Has sent Toynbee. Will I get them? The SP, he says, is doing well;. . . No charge-sheet yet. . . The weather mocks the winter.

*Monday, 12:* The sickly chick is no more! Now they can say: we are seven! When I think of the debacle of the PSP, I cannot evade. Our guilt—my guilt: in taking Pattoms<sup>2</sup> and Cooper-Joshis; in conniving at Asoka's<sup>3</sup> opportunism and fishing for well-to-do candidates, and especially my silence in the face of saint J.P.'s secret escapades and his Bihar stink-pot of corruption. And I supported merger on formal logical grounds. It took the (JP-Nehru) talks and Rangoon oration of J.P. to start me on the road to rebellion! Why did I hug the office so long? What did I want? Security-position? But can there be any security for a revolutionary and "position" except that of

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1. P.V.G. Raju - Socialist comrade and friend from Andhra Pradesh. M.P. Later joined the Congress.

2. Pattam Thanu Pillai - Chief Minister of Kerala's minority Government run by the Socialists.

3. Ashok Mehta - Socialist leader and friend. General Secretary of the party. Because of his cooperation with the Congress theory the PSP split up. Later joined the Congress and became a minister in Indira Gandhi's Cabinet.

uncompromising idealism? Weighed in the scales of high idealism, how all of us are found wanting! . . . Wrote to Raju (13th Dec.) "*Great essays*" which I have been reading intermittently for a fortnight is a good selection.

Here all days are Sundays—nothing much happens any way. Even so Sunday is more of a Sunday than other days. Waited today for something to happen, but no chargesheet, no "indent goods", nor any letter. A letter containing Popat's pictures would be a largesse!.

*Saturday, 17:* The most uneventful week (packed with maximum sweet gifts) that was monotonously dragging on was capped today by the serving of the charge-sheet. The things have, at last, started moving! The strain of adjusting the organism to changing time-schedules of the morning rituals is very great. I emitted blood on Wednesday and once or twice before. It is only in this prison that the prisoner's movements—even normal—are so rigidly restricted. Thank heavens the weather has changed. It is pleasant now.

*Monday 19th December:* In the evening I suddenly remembered today is Champa's birthday. Had I been free today I would have taken Champa out to eat "Murg Mussalam" would have purchased a beautiful saree for her. But today is not atleast a "non-sweet" day: I celebrated her birthday by eating sweets. When is this naughty, roughish Champa going to write a letter? Friday-Saturday night asthmatic attack recurred. But I called Popat to treat me. So I was cured. . . Today I completed the "*History of Economic Thought*". I have deliberately slowed down the speed of reading.

Yesterday night for a long time pondered over the condition of Socialist movement and felt sad. But there was no feeling of remorse. In the face of the last election misdeeds of Saint (JP)<sup>1</sup> and Tammany Hall, (Asoka, PT)<sup>2</sup> how could we have behaved differently? Take only the Saint. His stage-acting at the Bihar Conference left not only me but Tammany unconvinced. Then his self-purification under the benign spiritual influence of Patwardhan Brothers and Vedic mantras. Then goes to Rangoon, gives his "great man" oration and talks with "him" (Jawaharlal). Defends Prakasam and then Pattam. At Allahabad

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1. Jayaprakash Narayan - Most popular Socialist leader. Founder Member of C.S.P. For many years its General Secretary. Later joined the Bhoodan Movement. Lead the struggle against the emergency rule of Indira Gandhi.

2. Purushottam Trikamdar, Advocate, Bombay's Socialist leader.

promises cooperation but at Patna says upto April he will be busy with Bhoodan, and then at Gaya, offers jeevandan. At Bhandara declares that it was his last election speech. . . In September, comes to Delhi to defend the clique and at Nagpur fights for the official viewpoint. . . Gives money to the new Chairman and in Bombay talks of the need to maintain discipline. . .

The prospects of Socialism are none too bright, but we have to make the best of a "bad job"!

### *X'mas Eve:*

Day before yesterday morning "Father Christmas" (Karreno) came, as promised, with welcome gifts of *Economist*, *Times weekly edition*, and *Time*; soaps and toothpaste (I had run out of soap); and I later discovered, a tin of ovaltine and a box of "Bond of London" Sweets!

Today came the local Red Cross with fruit and cans of milk and sugar, etc. X'mas for Jesus' followers has deep significance; have the Hindu holidays the same meaning for the people in India? Do they on one day, atleast, show brotherhood of man? Alas! Strawberry's letter has not come—instead on the Wednesday last, when there was scrubbing and cleaning, I learnt via Gujarat (Kumudben Desai), that she has received my letter and is alright! Straw and the son both are rogues! N.G. told me on 22nd (night) that Acharya Javdekar has passed away. My last memory, unfortunately, is of an angry exchange. Of course his writings showed signs of senility; but must never forget that he was the author of that epic of India's struggle for freedom. *Adhunik Bharat*. What is the meaning of Dada's (Shirubhau) quotation from Madhav's (Limaye)<sup>1</sup> letter that the PSP, after the Gaya Conference, will collapse or wind up its business. That they are a heterogeneous lot, without drive and unity of purpose is obvious. But parties have a tendency to linger as long as possible before dying out.

*X'mas Day:* In the forenoon when I returned from the bathroom and wc, I felt fresh and a feeling of well being pervaded my entire being—with adequate supply of provisions and toilet articles, with *Economist* to read and a "Bond of London" candy in my mouth. Only one thing was lacking—C's letter. That too mainly because N.G. and Dada continue asking me about it. To be honest, my record of letter

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1. Madhav Limaye - Socialist comrade from Nasik. Took part in students' movement.

writing would scarce have been better than C's—for she is very busy, is she not?

Coffee and Banana pudding in the afternoon and rotten "Sheera" for supper.

Egyptian Consul is supposed to look after us now, says Dada. Eight years ago (1947-48) I spent my X'mas at a SW seaside resort with Sethias in England; was it Brighton or Bournemouth, I forget; Boxing day with V.P.<sup>1</sup> in London, N.Y. Day in a bleak Paris.

*Monday, 26:* Five long months. Transferred to West No.2. The Sun in the afternoon is troublesome; but later breeze blows. Change of place is always upsetting. Will I be here for a long time? No change please. Visas are after all being issued! Saw Mrs. Desai today. May meet Straw soon. "Our Popat has become naughty, cunning. One can't find words to describe his ways. He is not coming to meet me. He has forgotten his Bhai (Dad)!"

*Tuesday, 27:* Toothache. Towards dusk was overcome by the most devilish emotion—self-pity!

*Wednesday, 28:* No letter from Straw. But jam and SRC report sent with Mrs. Desai. *Lokmanya* report on (Southern) Maharashtra. Made me angry. These selfish kowtowing of politicians of Maharashtra! Oh! I am sick. Toothache!

*Thursday, 29:* Skirmish with a visitor. Asked me whether I was paid for Satyagraha. I said I don't want to talk. Evening feasted. Good Kheema, Mutton bad. . . upset stomach. Belching all the time. . .

*Friday 30:* Mutton again — good. Feeling almost "guilty". . . They have D.D.ted the cells, without much effect.

*N.Y. Day, 1956:* So the stormy year which saw my expulsion from the PSP has ended, and the new year has begun. What story is it going to unfold. Of freedom and hope or one of despair?

Internationally, judging from here the USSR seemed to have broken through the wall erected by the Atlantic alliance around the Middle East. On Germany there is not and there will be no unity. Dulles proposals amount to: Russia retreating 200 or more miles and letting the West including a fully armed Germany to advance the same distance; nay, permitting it to penetrate Poland and may be

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1. Vijaya Patwardhan - Achyutrao's sister who had gone to U.K. for medical treatment.

Czechoslovakia—in the name of inspection and radar network. No Russian would agree to this. . . .

Sunday passed off uneventfully On N.Y'eve we were served Mutton curry with puris.

*January 2, 1956:* Unexpectedly received C's letter, full of bitterness and sad news. She is going to Hyderabad for the Conference with Popat, and will come to see me afterwards. Lovely sweets from Desai.

*Jan. 5, 1956 :* Spent the whole day writing letters to Suman and C. Was informed that tomorrow I would be produced before the Tribunal. After supper got C's letter with Popat's photos sent with Kumudben. Why did they take such a long time to deliver it?

*January 7:* Yesterday I was sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment. Was unexpectedly transferred this morning to cell No.5. Shiroo removed his cot to accommodate me. Wrote a postscript to C's letter to announce this and the sentence.

Yesterday Mr. Ganapati was pleased to know that I was awarded 12 years. He positively exults in it! Today's transfer is Pegado's favour.

Dr. Kesro was present; pressed me to appeal. I declined. The court farce was over in 10 minutes.

*Jan. 10:* Thick rumours about transfer. Nobody knows when and where. Some say Aguada, Some Rezma. . . Played chess; after initial defeats started beating Shiroo. Plenty to eat. . . Discussions seem to be inevitable, although I try to avoid acrimonious arguments.

. . . Reading another American history; and Panikar's "*Indian Ocean Strategy*".

A Commander came to see us. Seems to be a gentleman.

Water shortage is very annoying. It might become worse. The sooner we are transferred the better.

*Jan. 12:* Transferred at last. Was separated from old friends. Roommates are (Jagannathrao) Joshi, (Rajaram) Patil and Faturda, no sorry, Furtad.

*Monday, 23rd Jan.:* Settling down. The Pramukh is very strict. In some respects things are better than at Altinho. Dining tables, cots, bedsheets. We are having cheese and butter for breakfast. Plenty of

tea twice a day. Less variety in food; no good fish, nor milk and bananas. In Police custody I was better off from this point of view. We get Rs. 1.5 per day for food, etc. Bath every day. Open air exercise half an hour, five times a week. Have to fetch water from a long distance. The Commander's insistence on cleanliness I much appreciate. Wish he were less rigid in the matter of exchange of books and views with our fellow prisoners. . . Interviews last week and this week for No.2. C has not come. Bal (Mohan Limaye) did not get visa. . . sent postcards to Father and C. on Saturday, 14 January. Father came to see us on 19th cannot send back books! What a pity! On Jan. 20 sent letter to Vinayak (Kulkarni) and a postcard to (Narayan) Phenani<sup>1</sup>. "Intellectual gymnastics" are connived at. That is some consolation! But cards not allowed! Suman's letter came last week. Mostly Popat's "Kau" (praise) while in Poona for two days on way from Hyderabad to Bombay. Why C. does not write?

The middle aged seem to be full of talk about release in April. The Prince Charming, (Jawaharlal) they say, is much concerned about us! Riots and holding up of trains for Bombay and S. Maharashtra. Weather these days is pleasant. Beautiful view of the creek, the hill, the harbour, the streams. The sunrise over the hill is beautiful.

Mr. Christopher "Furtad" who was my professor of Portuguese, was transferred to another cell last week. He was good company. Being a local man, his presence meant chicken and all! Besides we taught each other Portuguese and English. The new mate is from the North and seems to be O.K. Virjankar missed being with us— narrowly.

At the well we occasionally meet two little children, presumably Commandant's sons. First time, they said "inimigo". Now they just regard us with curiosity.

We get our food from the crowd of intellectuals; who dress well, live well. Sing during the day but are otherwise tame. . .

29th Jan.: The moon was lovely throughout the week. This exercise in the sun is becoming a torture, as the days grow warmer day after day. Letters from Bandu and Bipin (Bipinpal Das)<sup>2</sup>. Former's most nauseating. Why don't they write in details? As for C, no signs of an early interview nor any letter. Strange girl!

1. Narayan Phenani - Socialist friend and General Secretary of the Bombay's BEST Workers' Union.

2. General Secretary of the new Socialist Party. Comrade from Assam. Later joined the Congress. M.P.

The situation in Bombay is tense. Pramukh told us. The death roll in Bombay was over 80 and 4 (Marathi) Ministers have resigned. The city will be centrally administered. Nehru, it is evident, is in no mood to yield.

The SP has set up its Central Office in Hyderabad with Doctor (Lohia) as Chairman and Bipin Secretary. Bandu says the teams are equal. But we seem to be very weak in the West. *Janasevak* of N. Patil from Jalgaon has become a party paper. That is heartening. Gangadhar (Ogale) is not coming in. Not surprising. T.U. (Trade Union) people have become conservative. Prospective corporators in the city also consider PSP ticket safe!

It is a safe policy to avoid discussions in jails, especially with fanatics and mules. Toynbee volumes have come with Anutai—<sup>1</sup> (Limaye). Gifts continue to pour in from No.2. Ghee and Sheera. But I don't feel like sending. It was better in solitary confinement! Here chess with beginners is not very satisfying. Hope to make a departure from 1st Feb., in respect of reading.

The installation of a diesel pumping set at the well has lightened (others) labour!

14 Feb.: At the beginning of the month I flowered into a full-fledged barber. (Jagannathrao) Joshi's and Rajaram's (Patil) haircuts were successful. A's was a failure. There is no better method of learning but through mistakes.

Purchased stove. Started preparing tea from 5th. The tea 'leaves' are rotten. And I don't like the smell of canned milk. Powder milk is worse. No wonder Popat disliked it so heartily.

Waited in vain for C's letter. One day P. informed they have been withheld. Also the papers sent by Bipin. First P said there is no objection to our receiving reports of outside events.

Last week was an inspection week *par excellence*. Saturday, Sunday (regular inspection took place on that day). Wed. (the C in C came) and Friday the Egyptian First Secretary.

I was slowly adjusting myself to food from No.4 But my friends found the quantity hopelessly insufficient. Universal complaints that

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1. Shirubhau's wife, active worker of the Rashtra Seva Dal and PSP. Works among the Adivasees.



allowance is insufficient and other difficulties. Were shown a Portuguese picture (film) by P on Saturday. Musical. Not much good.

Terrible confusion in regard to food has set in. Now we get it from No.8. Is very hot and spicy. They have promised improvement from tomorrow.

The Egyptian said C. coming this week. Was called on Sunday but was turned back., Met C., Mohan and Popat yesterday. Popat looks lovely but was not in form. C. looked beautiful but was not in good health and looked worried.

The interview lasted just 30 minutes. Hope things would be better tomorrow. Raju, Bandu and Loknath (Joshi) are joints (Joint Secretaries of the SP). (Mama Bareshwar Dayal) suggested my name for chairmanship. C. opposed ceremonial, *in absentia* election. Doctor also did not favour it. Still am a member of the (Executive) Bad feeling between Bipin and R<sup>1</sup>. generated, because Upians chose the former on the ground that he knows Hindi.

*Thursday 16th Feb.*: Yesterday got 2 hours interview, thanks to the special permission obtained by C through the Egyptian. Could discuss a great many things. Popat was in a better form also. While parting his eyes grew a little sad again. His smile (and dimples on both cheeks) is lovely. Indeed looks lovely in his beautiful (sky) blue suit!

We have fared poorly in the West. S.M., says C, is the rising star. Has maintained pretences of friendship. Pramila and Dandavate don't discuss politics with C. (Vasant) Bapat wrote a note on me in Mouj. Anu (Varde) talks of an intellectual vacuum. But both are still under SM's influence. They are trying to push Dandavate to the forefront. Asoka and 40 others have resigned from the Bombay PSP Council. Corporators of the PSP and SP resigned, the former before directive from the Centre was received. Will Mahant (JP) choose Asoka or S.M.? C says that Asoka-Sucheta<sup>2</sup> (Kripalani) topped the polls at Gaya. SM is very shrewd. He will avoid direct clash with JP.

We have won two bye-elections in UP. Good! Are taking a prominent part in "SM" (Samyukta Maharashtra) agitation. Communists have been arrested in large numbers. S.K. Patil<sup>3</sup> has given arms for his shantisena.

1. P.V.G. Raju.

2. Sucheta Kripalani - Acharya Kripalani's wife. Congress leader, Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh.

3. S.K. Patil - Important Congress leader from Bombay. Central Food Minister. Defeated by George Fernandes in 1967 General election.

We gave the call for Hartal on 18th Jan. . . But Bombay SP is leaderless.

False propoganda that I was against the creation of a new party!

Nehru has given a directive to Congressmen not to vote against linguistic bills. If the Maharashtra Congress submits they would lose favour with the people.

Today's interview, too was satisfactory. Saw C off. Popat laughed mischievously when I kissed C! Bal seemed to be all right.

Unofficial death-roll is 200 and arrests 3,000.

C has reconciled herself with a long separation. Told her not to go abegging at the Prince Charming's door nor to take initiative to meet J.P. Anyway I don't care much for him. C says S.M. sent me a letter on New Years' Day which I have not received.

Doctor (Lohia) not very sanguine about prospects. Says creation is an uphill task. . .

New rule that each active worker must spend 2-3 months in jail. C. was glad (after all ) that I did not give defence and file appeal.

C might get another part time job at Andheri; if she gets that well and good. Got 35 dollars for my *Pacific Affairs* article. They want me to contribute more. C. wants a small Radio for Popat (and his mother)

Ratan (D'souza)<sup>1</sup> Pramila<sup>2</sup>-Sudha (Sudha Sane Shetye) sent sweets. Good girls.

Good bye Popat, Good bye C - till October!!

*Wednesday, 22nd Feb.:* I was much surprised and pained to hear of the demise of Acharya Narendra Deva<sup>3</sup> (in Ceylon?). Another Acharya and a PSP stalwart has passed away. How many more of my friends will go before I am released, I don't know. Tragic end to a good man! His historical role seems to have been splitting the Party

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1. Ratan (D'Souza) - Socialist friend from Rashtra Seva Dal. Wife of Babun D'Souza - a Socialist worker. Ratan became Principal of Sane Guruji High School in Bombay.

2. Pramila Dandavate - Active Socialist worker from RSD. Prominent leader of the Women's movement. Wife of Prof. Madhu Dandavate. Ex Corporator and M.P (1980-84).

3. Acharya Narendra Dev - Prominent Socialist leader, its founder member. President of the PSP. Member of Rajyasabha. Scholar of Buddhism and Pali. Inspired many young students.

and doing service to the Bhoodan ideology which he detested. The ground is clear for A. Mehta and others. Poor Dandavates and Bagarams (Shrinivas Tulpule!')

After days of confusion we have got a final picture of outlay on food. While we got our food from the neighbours the break up was as follows: (4 Bread) 3½ (Tea) 8½ one meal and vegetable for supper 5 (annas) extra for butter and other requirements). Now it will be approximately 14 as. for 2 breads and two meals (quantity sufficient for my friends). The rest for Tea, Butter and Black Lion, etc.

There is no possibility of an increase in allowance. The Nationalist, on the contrary, had to face the music from P two days back.

This inspection, especially when it turns out to be "Wolf! Wolf!", is annoying. It has happened thrice so far.

The day after my last interview with C, i.e., 17th Feb., I received two old letters by C and Pandhari (Pandharinath Pawar) respectively. Both have written about the situation arising out of the Linguistic Reorganization proposals. Our Party is in the forefront of the agitation but has no leader. Alas, leaders cannot be manufactured overnight. Last Friday wrote to SM and Prabhakar Padhye.

I have almost completed the Toynbee Vol. VIII. C has brought other books also Spengler and Masterpieces of World Literature. Still the atmosphere here is not conducive to study. Too frequently I am disturbed—sometimes it is bath or inspection or requisition, at other times food or latrine or "exercise". There is no chair and to sit on the stool for a long time means inviting pain in the back.

In the eyes of our neighbours and "old Friends" like Chau (Tridib Chaudhary) articles by Cooke and Patricia in *Manchester Guardian* and *News Chronicle* on Ferangi possessions are great events—apparently! . . . have started growing moustache again, now that C is gone and is not likely to revisit me before October next!

23rd Feb. 1956: I set down my reflections on Vol. VIII of Toynbee's "*A Study of History*":

For many years past I have been feeling that our task in India is not merely to win for India a status of equality in a European-dominated

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1. Shrinivas Tulpule - Socialist friend from Meghabhuvan commune. An engineer, trade union leader, later became General Manager of the Durgapur Steel Plant.

world through a policy of modernization and economic development. Internal struggle against caste, economic exploitation, superstition and communal-provincial obscurantism and international struggle against racist-imperialism and Communist expansionism have for a man of action like me, the greatest significance no doubt; but ultimately the reply to the challenge presented by both branches of white civilization cannot and should not be made on a material-technological-economic-political plane alone; in the final analysis, after we have undergone a process of modernization suited to our conditions (and not a mere repetition and duplication of the European techniques and institutions. The above internal and international conflicts are to be transcended; and "conquest" of the whole of mankind to be effected (on a spiritual plane) through the "second incarnation of a Buddha". We are only destined to prepare the ground for this ultimate triumph of the brotherhood of man. In this fight, I do not think the egocentric, fanatical established churches and religions are our allies. They have to be swept away, because they are as much divisive as they are unitive.

For Toynbee Hellenism is the active agent *par excellence* in history; and all higher religious products of encounters between the Hellenic and other contemporaneous civilizations. Mahayana Buddhism is interpreted as Indian response to the Greek challenge, and Christianity Syriac reply to the same assailant. Although Buddha antedates Jesus by atleast six and Mahayana antedates St. Paul by two centuries, Toynbee regards the latter as a duplication of Christianity.

His view that the next encounter will be on the spiritual plane between the four existing higher religions is less untenable. But when he says, as in Vol. IX, that the Western civilization is still in the process of growth because it has not yet achieved (in a narrow technical sense, perhaps) a universal state (what is Nato?) and that it might perform the miraculous feat of avoiding the fate of decline and eventual extinction, is it not clear that the historian has become a victim of an egocentric delusion and is seeking the fulfilment of his innermost wishes through an elaborately spun theory of the genesis, growth and disintegration of civilizations?

Received Anu's (Varde) and Vasant's (Bapat)<sup>1</sup> letters and Popat's photos. I am touched by the expression of their feeling.

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1. Prof. Vasant Bapat - Socialist friend and eminent Marathi poet and Professor of Marathi connected with Rashtra Seva Dal's Cultural Wing. Champa's colleague. Editor of *Sadhana* weekly.

*March 2:* Toynbee's attempt to fit the phenomena of Indian civilization into his genesis, growth, breakdown, time of trouble, universal state, disintegration formula is very unconvincing. If the Western civilization is one continuing entity throughout its apparent transformations, then why the end of Harsha's rule is to be regarded as the end of "Indic" civilization? It would be truer to treat the entire period from the Vedas to date as the time span of the Indic civilization. There is no sharp break with the past as characterising the collapse of the old Indus Valley civilization or even the break-up of the Graceo-Roman civilization in Europe. . .

Letters from Dinkar (Sakrikar)<sup>1</sup>, Babubhai (Gandhi)<sup>2</sup>, Bag (Sadashiv Bagaitkar)<sup>3</sup> and Narayan. (Phenany?)<sup>4</sup>

Doctor is ill, says Narayan. Bad, too bad!

Last week did not get sound sleep. Don't know why. Day before yesterday night dreamt that somebody followed me like a shadow much to my annoyance. Not that it gave me any physical trouble; but the person's mere presence was a source of irritation. And he would not leave me even for a moment. Was it the transformation of the bitch who used to come and stare at us while we ate?

News of Nehru's cold reception in Bombay. Morarji says no to inquiry into the firing. Official twisting course continues . . . Talk of "2 Daxin pradeshes" and Bengal-Bihar nonsense! Ah, this blasted Prince Charming!

*March 13:* Yesterday Father sent several issues of "*Time*" and "*Times*", along with 6 issues of *Economist*. What a treat it is to read this sober journal. I am grateful to Fr. for enabling me to continue my old practice in this captivity.

West Germany has won the steel race. With its over 20 million tons it beats Britain, coming next to Russia with its estimated output of 45 millions. The German recovery is astonishing, as is the rapid increase in Russia's steel capacity from 20 millions in 1948 to 45 in 1955.

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1. Dinakar Sakrikar - Editor of *United Asia and Yugwani*. Socialist friend.

2. Babubhai Gandhi - Bombay Socialist Party's worker.

3. Sadashiv Bagaitkar - Active Socialist Worker. Rajya Sabha M.P. (1978 to 1983).

4. Morarji Desai - Ex-Prime Minister (1977-79) during the Janata Party regime. Earlier Chief Minister of Maharashtra. Central Finance Minister.

The draft outline of the plan has been published, *Organizer* says. The outlay seems to be higher than contemplated in the papers issued last year, although steel target has been brought down to a little over 4 millions . . . . .

Eisenhower has decided to offer himself for re-election. With farm prices down, the troubles brewing in the Middle East, the prospects of the Democrats do not seem to be as bleak as they were in 1952. Nevertheless the President's personality is a factor of enormous importance in American politics.

Nehru's hesitations and fumbblings on the States Reorganization question continue.

C's letter came on 2nd March. But the second weekly letter has not come. Did she default or was it withheld by the Censors? Have written to Kamru (Kamerkar) and Bagaram. The latter is getting married.

The "economy drive" and continued sleeplessness has had pernicious effect on my health. The "new order" here is becoming more and more noxious. "Dada" (Shirubhau) cannot write for a month, the new Pramukh has ruled! Yesterday was Amavasya. For the last two days, therefore, we are having a high tide. The waves break against the walls of fortifications, sprinkling water all over.

Have finished the third volume of Toynbee also and started reading that pretentious book: "*Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution*". But *Economist* makes much more interesting reading!

(In the first week of March smoked my first cigaratte (Three Lion) after 22nd July, 1955, the day Bandu and I celebrated Doctor's' expulsion.)

*March 17, 1956:* Yesterday finished that pretentious book. I got no new insight nor any new information. The American Corporation seems to like the giant Russian trusts and industries run by departmental heads. If the former provide for decentralisation within this massive framework, conceivably the Russians can do likewise within the limits of their state structure. Of course the difference between the Russian centralised monopoly and American oligopoly would be still substantial. Key figures:

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1. Dr. Rammanohar Lohia - The great Socialist leader. Hero of 1942 and Goa Liberation Movement. In charge of the underground radio in Quit India Movement. Prominent thinker and writer.

135 Corporations own 45% of US industrial assets

—Prof. M.A. Adelman of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Total investments between 1946-53, 150 billions (US dollars of which 64% (99 billions) come from undistributed profits; 18% bank credit (25½ billions); privately placed bonds or notes—(insurance companies) 12% of the total (18 billions); 6% or 9 billions was raised by issue of stock of which 4 billion was preferred stock; not more than 5 billion common stock!

Yesterday evening against the twilight sky (with the encircling darkness), I saw lovely coconuts with their branches shaking in the breeze and the beautiful crescent moon and a luminous star! A sight to remember!

On 13th March ended the economy drive and opened a can of butter.

Last month after C's departure No. 8 man gave me a tolerably good haircut. This time the professional military barber charged me 6 annas but with all his instruments seemed to be a poor workman!

"No talk, no contact theory" (at the time of bath) in the ascendant! As if that would cause a revolution here! Father came to see us on last Thursday. Seemed to be cut up. The Egyptian has completely ignored him, it appears ! But has influenced the new Pramukh into permitting exchange of books. Father through N.G. has let loose the racket of a general amnesty. Britain and France seem to be in a bad way, what with rebellion in Cyprus and Algeria and riots in Jordan leading to British Gullab Pasha's dismissal!

Food from No. 4 which are getting from March 4, is much good. My roommates also relish it. Kanekar sings when on mess duty!

*March 21:* A memorable day was Tuesday, the 20th March, with boiled eggs, buttered bread and hot tea in the morning, 6 issues of *Dawn* (7-12 March), 3 issues of *Time* and a first class lunch. (We had salad and fish curry). After lunch received C's and Indu's letters. Wonder of wonders, Anu (Varde) has become an active worker not of our Party! *Sadhana*, too, has slightly changed its tone! In the evening the "bourgeoisies" served Rataloo Kheer. The new Pramukh called in the morning. "Money from the Police has come." Mosquito trouble and heat are oppressive. Can sleep only after midnight. Will that affect my health? And the weather would become worse in the next

two months. The West European masters of Goa are perhaps the laziest people going. The soldiers have no sense of discipline. Bugle- there is no regularity about blowing it. Their clothes and shoes are far from spick and span. Their disciplinary formula is: no fal, no talk. Since the departure of the old P. the soldiers and prisoners fish all day! In the evening today I heard No. 3 singing: "Nayyawale, sawadhan, e Brahma, Vishnu."

That recalled the early days of my imprisonment. How people wore an haunted expression while in the quarters; how the threat of fearful beating and uncertainty continued at Altinho for sometime. And how carefree and easygoing they appear here in Aguada! The pattern of living changes.

The CP chap is superstitious. Refused to touch beefish Bovril; while playing 5-3-2 behaves like little girls when it is a question of demanding other peoples cards! Also talks of the "protection of Aryan women."

*March 24:* Got Champa's letter of 26-27th Feb! My letters must have reached her by now. She might get that Ismail College job. C seems to be in top form. Addressing meetings everywhere. Is going to Poona or rather went on 11th March! My absence has enabled her clamped personality to flower forth! Something good has come out of the bad situation!!

Gangababu' is PSP chairman. Asoka's defiance on firing question has irritated the Buwaji and his following. . . are threatening disciplinary action. These impotents!

I guess Bandu or Vinayak can come to see me now. Hope they will come in May. C can also come!!

Something is brewing in Russia. After "collective leadership" and "return to Leninism" has come a forthright attack on Stalin from East Germany, our neighbour says. There were pro-Stalin demonstrations in Georgia! Any signs of the breaking of the monolithic structure is welcome!

*March 26:* The day before was a day of excitement, what with C's letter and new issues of *Times* and *Economist* and news about repudiation of Stalinism in East Germany . . . After reading through the several issues of *Economist* I get a vivid impression of the isolation of the

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1. Gangasharan Sinha - Socialist leader from Bihar. Very close to J.P.



Atlantic bloc; its slide back into its own shell (of the western civilization) and throwing away of all pretence that the West was trying to outgrow its narrow limits and flower into a universal system. . .

The United States, inextricably tied to its allies, the colonial powers, is increasingly assuming the burden of the empire and the evil accumulated by the latter: Goa, Algeria, West Irian, South Africa, Cyprus. Gone are the days when one saw a United States sponsoring the cause of Indonesian nationalism against the Dutch. The conflict of civilizations is on, with the Russian-European civilization on the offensive and enlisting the old civilizations of Asia as its allies. The past events have shown the United States representing the quintessence and the acme of European civilization, and however frantically it might have tried to run away from the burdensome heritage of the "old world", it can no more escape its destiny than Communism could escape its destiny of becoming an instrument of Russia, Lenin's break with the past notwithstanding! Will India achieve a new civilization or become a victim of the nationalistic revival negative in character. What is the use of nagative anti-westernism (or of negative anti-Communism) if in the coming reconstruction of India we are not going to weave new ideals and patterns? Nehru, the imitator, one feels, is paving the way for just such a revival. The Kashmir adventure, which I have always considered unfortunate, has landed us straight into mealstrom of international power politics . . . .

This moustache business is tiresome. I cut it off again finally a fortnight ago; and don't intend to grow once again (here).

In the noon we play bridge. What can you do against one who refuses to learn? Here I have plenty of books but don't read anything at all. Have opened Spenglar's book but have heardly made any progress!

I do all manner of odd jobs here; painting the tin water-carriers, nailing my slippers, fixing paper covers for my new books, sewing clothes, etc. And of course haircutting.

*March 31, 56:* Exercise time, 4<sup>0</sup>'clock in the afternoon. The sea breeze was lovely; there were stray clouds in the sky. The colour was real sea-green. It was tide and from the "wavy" surface one got the impression that it must be rough. I enjoyed it heartily.

On Tuesday and Wednesday last we had "shimplas" (clams) and mutton curry for supper. Today's talk with the bourgeoisie left a bad

taste. Why are these people so meek? I would give a great deal to see these chaps more stiff-necked.

The news about the repudiation of Stalin continues to pour in. Khrushchev has corroborated now all that Stalin's critics said about him. I really cannot stand the sycophants that praised him till now and will vie with each other in denouncing him henceforward!!

Can write any number of letter—a big news.

*April 5, 1956:* Letter from C. came unexpectedly. Heard of the tragic illness of Popat. On 24th and 25th March during C's absence from Bombay: She had gone to inaugurate the N.W. Party conference in Ludhiana . . . Letter from Indutai. Everytime C. parts from Popat, he falls ill. She should not leave him alone even for a day. It is difficult to thank Mani (Kamerkar)<sup>1</sup> and Sudha (Sane/Shetye)<sup>2</sup> adequately . . . Tasted the first Kalmi mangoes of the season which came from Virjankar. Also prepared Potato chivda and Mango jam. It was first rate.

We are free *at least* from the burden of debt, nay we have a balance of Rs. 2 with Mr. Kamath.

News of the Stalin's denunciation from Russia, exposes the Commies completely. Our people seem to be in top form. Lucknow demonstrations and Satyagraha in Maharashtra. Discomfiture of the PSP has increased. For the first time now I feel quite confident of the future of our party. We are the party of the future. If we continue to display dynamism, initiative and capacity for courageous and self-sacrificing action. Beware of the respectable middle class mentality and philosophy of inaction!!

*April 7, Saturday:* A haze over the creeck, the hill and the harbour! Unusual things I saw yesterday. A post card from Narayan informing me that the Bombay PSP has unanimously revoked the action against me. I suddenly remembered that the action (for which I did not care) would have anyway ended on 25th March. N's letter bore the same date. So I dismissed it as a joke. But the letter stated that the resolution moved by Kamru,<sup>3</sup> was passed on 24th, a day before the

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1. Prof. Mani Kamerkar - An Educationist, Socialist friend. Wife of P. Kamerkar. Both helped Champa during Madhu's imprisonment.

2. Sudha Sane - Sane Gurujee's niece, who used to stay with us. Looked after Popat very affectionately. A trade union leader. Later became LIC officer.

3. P. Kamerkar.

lapse of the original action. Is the resolution inspired by S.M.? Do they think that I would return to a party than whom a more rotten one does not exist anywhere in the world? A party whose leaders are J.P., Asoka and Sucheta. Now I don't care for S.M. either, after his disgusting behaviour at and after Malegaon. As for that crawling creature, less said the better!

*April 14, 1956:* An uneventful week. No letter for me. Prepared mango jam. And Batata wadas yesterday and today. The climate is getting worse and worse . . . . A week ago I was full of hope and enthusiasm. Now I feel a certain emptiness . . . . Then I thought that I was an instrument of destiny, however feeble. It seems there is some kind of an agreement between me and fate! As long as I show readiness to stake my life, to sacrifice, I shall not be discredited and defeated. The moment I begin selfishly to covet material gain, fortune will forsake me!

*April 18, 1956:* Day by day our life here is becoming more comfortable. Today came "things" from Father Carreno including cheese and ovaltine. In the early hours of the morning I had a dream about others' hardships and suffering and my dissatisfaction with the life of material comfort began to grow. The Father's presents have made the discontent complete. I long for purposeful activity, and things of the spirit. Not inappropriately was it said that man does not live for bread alone. When he is hungry, he longs for it, no doubt; but no sooner his raw wants are ministered to, his hunger partially appeased, then a feeling of satiety comes; he grows discontented and longs for something else. Is it because of my Indian heritage or is it the hall mark of humanity itself?

*28th April 1956:* Writing after a long interval. The weather improved perceptibly. Had sound sleep for many days. Last two days, however, mosquitoes have multiplied greatly, disturbing my sleep.

Father's visit last Wed. Was preceded by a gift of clothes, cheese, ovaltine, chappals and, more importantly, *Time* and old *Economist* issues. "Gootly-file" latest issues of *Times* and *Economist* enabled me to pass my time comfortably. Apart from Beginners, Bridge, have started since day before yesterday "gootly file" chess with the neighbour. I was defeated twice, but don't think the rival is a good player.

If *Time* report is to be believed, *bhoodan* as foretold by us has started petering out.

Week before last came letters from S.M., C(2), Dinkar etc; last Sunday and Monday I was busy writing letters, 7 in all. Wrote to S.M. On the U.M. (Samyukta Maharashtra) struggle and my determination never to return to the PSP. The letter did contain reproach, but why should I be afraid now? I do not expect him to break with J.P. and no reconciliation is possible except on this basis.

*Morning May 2, 1956:* Celebrated my birthday yesterday with amras-puri-sheera. The weather became stormy; the sea was rough, big rollers drenched me completely in the afternoon; and it rained intermittently throughout the day. The first rain came in the early hours of April 30 morning. Have started since 30th afternoon reading "*Inside Africa*". Also reread Wilde's plays.

*Morning May 3, 1956:* The weather continues to be pleasant. But it has stopped raining since yesterday morning. Yesterday afternoon received-after a good nap- *Dawn* and letters from (Hameed) Dalwai,<sup>1</sup> (PV) Gadgil<sup>2</sup> and Badri (Badrivishal Pittie)<sup>3</sup>. Gadgil's letter was tragic. He has rejoined the paper. It must have been an unauspicious day on which I wrote to him. . . It is difficult for anyone to show self-respect and idealism in this wretched country! After all one has to live, they all say, and the powerful and the mighty grow more and more arrogant. If I wish to stick to my guns I must be prepared *not* to live at any cost!

*Kashmir* and other issues also trouble me. Nehru has said no to the plebiscite and has landed himself in soup. Must now (I) fall increasingly on Russian mercy; (2) devote a greater part of the budget to defence and starve development. Why should the Russians oblige without a *quid pro quo*? If they can drive a wedge between Pakistan and the West by bargaining over Kashmir. Dalwai says that N. (Nehru) is supporting my policy now. But what about (1) his acceptance of Pakistan, (2) reference to the U.N., (3) suppression of civil liberties?, (4) the promise of a plebiscite, (5) handling of the case at the UN by refusing to a discussion on any other question but that of aggression?

Kashmir is in a mess and I don't like it at all. And on this issue Nehru can always rally the "patriotic" opinion. Besides this is a blow to Indian neutrality. It might push India further in the Soviet camp.

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1. Socialist friend, who was active in Muslim reformist movement. A liberal writer.

2. P.V. Gadgil - Editor of *Lokamanya*, Marathi Daily. A Socialist friend.

3. Badrivishal Pittie - An industrialist, Socialist friend from Hyderabad. Close to Dr. Lohia.

Then there is the question of Bombay. The duplicity of the Prajas (PS pites) is amazing. I understand that (CD) Deshmukh<sup>1</sup> has again threatened to go; and Maharashtrian MPs have resigned—after the Delhi demonstrations. The Reorganization question too has been deliberately bungled what with separate Bombay and Bihar-Bengal union and two-zonal Punjab.

Meanwhile the big question of economic-social amelioration is hanging fire, with neither the Praja nor the C (Communist) Parties having the will to fight and we hopelessly entangled in marginal but (topically) important struggles!!

The inauguration of the new Republican Constitution has not created any stability in Pakistan. In the East wing there is a non-League Ministry, with F. Huq as the Governor. At the Centre a coalition; in the West wing Dr. Khansaheb<sup>2</sup> in power, with the League Legislative majority against him. The Working Committee with the Prime Minister's blessings wants his ouster. Will the Governor and the President oblige? If they do not there will be a crisis; If they do that too would increase the unpopularity of the League in W. wing (with provincialism becoming rampant) would increase, and non-League forces in E. wing would become suspicious and stronger.

*May 17, 1956:* A letter came from C on 15th afternoon saying that an offer had come from the Home Minister. My instinctive reaction was "no". In the night I became very sad. What a wonderful thing it would have been if C on her own had rejected it and so I grew very angry with her. Yesterday morning I wrote a rather strong letter reproaching her for bringing in her father and asking my advice. Then I went for bath. And increasingly I became torn between sympathy for her suffering and especially that of the Poona people and my plain duty, and did not post the letter. Again I fiercely debated with myself the pros and cons of the matter, but could reach no other conclusion. I accidentally lighted upon Jean Paul Sartre's essay on "Man's responsibility for his actions." Gradually I began to resent the pontifical tone I had adopted in my letter to C. Of course she had stated all the cons herself; I am angry because she wants me to decide the matter, and did not decide it *for* me. This is very cowardly. I must

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1. Shri C.D. Deshmukh - I.C.S., Central Finance Minister who resigned on the issue of Samyukta Maharashtra.

2. Dr. Khansaheb - Brother of Sarahadda Gandhi. Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan. Congress Chief Minister of North West Frontier Province.

assume myself responsibility for my negative decision, and I intend doing that in my letter to C.

*May 18, 1956:* I am sending today the new letter which I have written this morning. That's final as far as I am concerned . . . Today cell No. 8 celebrated Nanasaheb's anniversary.

Last month we incurred a debt of 35 Rs. Of course we have some supplies. Nevertheless we must reduce on extravagance.

*May 19, 1956:* I have become very restless. The outside world has begun to make a deep impact on me. I got *Dawn* issues today, and letters from Jagadish (Joshi) and Narayan (Phenany) *Dawn* carries a report of Doc's speech in the usual cassandra manner. I am afraid he might overdo it. The refrain that there is no opposition sounds too pessimistic. What are we for then?

I was reading the introductory note to Premchand's *Nirmala* which took me to the era before independence. We are indeed living through a new age. Are we carrying forward the same old attitudes or have we developed new ones more appropriate to the post-freedom India? With P.C. Joshi<sup>1</sup> and Asoka having come out in support of second five year plan, Nehru<sup>2</sup>, seemingly would have a walk over. How far will this Bombay movement take us? Once that is gone the Poona saint and his henchmen will start their old game once again.

Anu Varde is tired of politics of frustration. He wants politics of respectability. He represents the quintessence of the PSP metamorphosis from an idealist, revolutionary party into a party of middle class respectability. Reasons (1) S.M.'s ego has begun to feed on this "holi" business; for money he and the PSP depends on well to do middle class people whose world-view is very similar to that of the Nehru Congress. (2) Young people have got married; and their wives are mostly from the RSD. Arranged marriages are a significant index of the subservience of the parties. (3) Dandavates and Vardes have jobs as college teachers and the milieu in which they function cannot but affect (4) By nature some of them are spineless creatures and PSP has fostered their spinelessness. (5) In the PSP many find security; if many of them have not joined the Congress it is because they don't have the courage to do so. The Brahmanical class mentality has ultimately triumphed in the West India PSP. In the new party we

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1. P.C. Joshi - Important Communist leader. General Secretary of the Party.

2. Jawaharlal Nehru - Well known Congress leader. The first Prime Minister of India.

should keep alive the spirit of idealism and rebellion. And avoid the concomitant danger of verbal radicalism. Action must become the basis and the sole test of the worthwhileness of the new party.

For the last three-four days the sea has become very rough. The joy of watching the waves during 'passage' time advancing and receding is denied to me. For the breakers now crash against the walls splashing water all over. Clouds float in the sky and towards dusk the world is bathed in heavenly light. During the day also, broad colour stripes of varying shades flit across the surface of the sea. Beyond the W.C. the white surf washes the foot of the hill all the time.

The twilight an hour back was lovely. The bay has become a veritable lake of blood; with clouds of diverse hues (over the hill) in the background.

26th May, 1956 (*Dwitiya*): The full-moon day of Vaishakha is Buddha-Jayanti; but there seemed to be some confusion about the exact date: whether it properly fell on 23rd or 24th? Anyway the 'bourgeois' celebrated it on 24th, and we (with coffee) on the previous day. On 24th was lunar eclipse—which we were lucky to observe around 7.30 or a little later.

Since Yesterday the sea has become very stormy. At 1 p.m. today the water which splashed over the wall came right up to our veranda. It was a pleasure to watch the angry waves come forth dashing and end up in snow white surf. The waves have practically driven away the steamers outside the harbour.

I have started reading Tulsi Ramayan and that Economics textbook. My progress is very slow; for the last three days were taken with *Economist* numbers of 14, 21, 28 April. Have given up (temporarily at least) that Philosophy Anthology of Veblen.

I am, determined to (1) master the intricacies of monetary and fiscal policies, (2) improve my Hindi, and (3) keep myself abreast of international developments during the period of my incarceration, however long it be.

Sumatibai, has come, and will interview me tomorrow. N.G. does many things for appearance's sake. I have a feeling that Sumatibai is somewhat different, and what she said in that Poona farewell meeting contained a sincere expressions of feeling. She *has been* nice to me throughout.

*Hindu Weekly Review* came early this week. Khandubhai (Desai) feels that the CPI can become *the* opposition. Satyavati Limaye in her letter to (Rajaram) R. Patil confirms the rightward trend of the CPI. My analysis in *Pacific Affairs* 1954 completely confirmed. The opposition is dead. When will it be reborn?

Goaray has drawn for *Yugawani* a sketch of mine; I have asked Karpeji to prepare a coloured sketch of Aniruddha. C. says she might come to visit me; I have asked her not to come.

The favourable solution of the Bombay tangle is now in sight, methinks. The goal can be reached if sufficient mass pressure is generated *and continuously maintained*.

June 4, 1956: Sumatibai and Shubha met me on Sunday 27th. It was very considerate on N.G.'s part to bring tea for them! S.G. brought a packet of tea for me. She could not meet C. as she came direct after she got visa. Told her to tell C. not to come before October. The month of May dragged on and on. I thought it would never end. It has been raining intermittently last week, although the sea was relatively calm. Only this afternoon it seemed a bit rough, with crashing of breakers against the ramparts.

Vinayak's letter disturbed me somewhat. He thinks my position enviable! And here I long to be a free man again! He did not like my writing to S.M. And S.M. must have been offended by what I wrote! Anyway it was necessary to settle old scores; at least to tell him that I was amused by the irony of the situation.

Dinkar writes of SR (State Reorganization) developments. Big demonstrations on June 2 . . . Politics is becoming interesting, he says. Bandu-Vinayak's letters leave me dissatisfied. I do not get any information from them! Have sent *Yugawani* a letter!!

In the last days of May finished the Bentham's economics. And in June read *Padaghavali*,<sup>1</sup> Second Five Year Plan and "*Spotlight on Asia*." The second plan does not thrill me at all! Nothing very original about Guy Wint's book. *Padaghavali* is not outstanding, but makes good reading.

The mystery man, Atmaram, arrived on 2nd evening was our neighbour for a few hours!

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1. A Marathi Novel by G.N. Dandekar, famous writer in Marathi.



*11th June:* Last week I got as many as six letters. It seems my decision about that offer is not approved by Vinayak and C. I have asked her to decide as she and they deem fit . . . .

I did not get good sleep. I worry no end about C and A; and also the Poona folks . . . . Monsoon is tricky! And this Nakshatra business is all bunk. Mriga began on 7th; but of rain there is no sign. It has become hot again; the temperature comes down intermittently.

AICC meeting produced a rat; Nehru has said no for five years. Again fire was opened by the police on the people! Discuss with Patil about united front. I tell him unless a clear understanding of non-cooperation is forthcoming, our people won't have anything to do with any alliance . . . !

Read Gangadhar Gadgil and Arvind Gokhale<sup>1</sup>: *Varsha, Mithila*.

*15th June 1956:* No letter from anybody this week . . . . because of Bombay disturbances? The chain of events in Bombay seems to be as follows: Nehru greeted with black flags along his route from the airport on 31st May. A thousand volunteers demonstrate on the eve of the AICC meeting on 1st June. 50,000 peaceful marchers; stone-throwing (alleged) leads to firing and over 650 people arrested. Disturbances continue on 4th and 5th. 10,000 people demand release of arrested people on 8th June. Again firing; Govt. says no one died; agencies say 4 dead, several injured. Apparently Kaka Gadgil, S.M. and Naravane are firm. Where are we in the picture? A big rally at Shivaji Park parallel to Nehru's meeting at Chowpaty.

*June 20, 1956:* 18th June was Gomantak Liberation Day. It was 10 years ago that Rammanohar (Lohia) started the fight for freedom. His name is forgotten. Our neighbour named Sambhaji and Pandit Nehru as Goa's liberators. How ungrateful people are!

We had chicken from No. 3; the dramatic performance had to be cancelled; no permission. C. has sent through Kumudben, note-papers, *achars*, etc.

No letter from C. even yesterday. What's the matter? Kumud Desai met her on 12th evening and at the station the next morning, though.

Rains; the sea is rough; "*Time*" and "*Dawn*". But my mind is disturbed. I have not done any serious reading for the last 10 days or so.

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<sup>1</sup> Marathi writers who created a new friend in the literature, especially in the area of short story.

*June 24, Sunday:* Day before wrote a p.c. to Champa. The same afternoon I met Kumud Desai . . . was very sorry to find her in such utter despair. Nevertheless was delighted to meet her.

Yesterday, unexpectedly got C's and Pramila's letters. It seems one of her letters is missing. Pramila says "our" party's warning of dictatorship was not heeded. Whose party, when did it warn the people? Her pleading for Dandavate is uncalled for. I don't expect any letter from him, nor would I be delighted by it.

Since yesterday it has been raining sip, sip, sip. It is thrilling to have bath at the fountain. Yesterday celebrated Joshi's birthday with Amras and Bhajiya, etc. Finished today my second instalment of the Plan Review. The moonlight was liquid on 21st and 22nd night! Yesterday got Popat's picture. I don't like it. That expression of strong will is not there. His expression is flabby. . . .

Deshmukh has resigned. Hiray will follow suit. . . . Togliatti's speech is significant. French politburo has also spoken. I think of making an appeal to Indian Communists.

*June 27, Wednesday:* Useful days. Thorez and Br. Commies have followed Togliatti's lead. . . .

Sunday and Monday wrote Plan article No. 2. Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning wrote to C and A. Tuesday afternoon began writing the article on the C.P. This afternoon finalised it along with letter to Bandu. . . .

Dinkar's letter came after Red Cross and Carreno. Inspection today (who asked us what were our requirements.) Dinkar has received and published the first letter from Aguada.

Stay awake in the bed for a long time thinking and worrying and then have a nap in the noon. . . . Had a haircut this forenoon. Shyam was the barber.

*June 29, Friday:* Yesterday wrote 8 page-long third instalment of the Plan Review and letter to Dinkar. Wonder whether it will reach him.

The weather in the noon was gloomy; could not concentrate on reading. C. is worried about money—, I got her letter yesterday. Popat asks his mummy: when will Father come?

This morning packed books to be returned. . . .

Our complaint before the Red Cross has led to separation of Cell No. 2 and 5. We went to the Fountain along. *Nao Fal!* (No talk).

Have decided to finish "*Man the Unknown*" at least tomorrow. Been reading for the last 22 days! Shame!

*July 4, 1956:* A very happy day! The weather was cool, with intermittent rains. Did my quota of reading. After lunch came C's letter and an issue of *Hindu Weekly*. C's letter was nice. No worries, Plenty of contentment and work to do. Doctor was in Bombay. 1 per cent (enrolled membership) decision would keep us out of the next elections. Possibility of CP-PSP alliance. Asoka boosts Nehru in USA.

Radio! Popat has started listening to musical programmes.

Had a nice "stroll" in the evening and mutton curry for dinner!

Finished, "*Man, the Unknown*" on 29-30 and started Crowther's "*Outline of Money*" on the 2nd. Progress satisfactory. My second article has also reached. Reserved for *Mankind* first issue. Next week they will get all the three—sent last week . . . . C asks how I could break the powerful bond of our darling Aniruddha.

*July 10, 1956:* Today came Mrinal's letter. Of course I was glad to receive it. But throughout the day I felt uneasy. Towards duskfall memories of the last 9 years came rushing, the ups and downs in our collective and my personal fortune. Here I am a man weighted down by the follies and irresponsibilities of the past generations, struggling to invest this fleeting existence on this planet with meaning. . . ; but it is difficult to shake off the past. Is it because of some "negative traits" of my character that brought me in agreement with the likeminded "negative personality" of R.L.? Or is the course of those who follow the star of reason, of clarity and of self-respect fated to be difficult and narrow? Ironically, the men who helped me along (apart from R.L.): SM, J.P., Achyut<sup>1</sup>, Asoka are all in the opposite camp, and nobody's deviation from the path of truth and justice I regret more than that of S.M.'s, whose life, in many ways, I consider to be one of fulfilment.

Tomorrow my darling will be two years old. If my little kid is so sweet, how much sweeter must his mother be!

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1. Achyut Patwardhan - Founder member of the C.S.P. Youngest member of the AIWC. General Secretary of the C.S.P. Hero of the 1942 underground movement.

I have slackened again after Crowthev's book, though I wrote another article on the Maharashtra movement in Marathi yesterday.

*July 14, 1956:* Perhaps at the back of my mind is some faint notion that this confinement won't last long; but this evening as I contemplated the transparent light of the dusk-fall and later, the liquid moonlight of Saptami, the terrifying thought of my spending 10 more years in an unproductive manner crossed my mind. No. I must begin writing something. No. I must think of the future of my country and Socialism in the perspective of history. . . . I must not idle away my time. Must read a lot . . . .

11th: celebrated Popat's birthday. My joy increased manyfold when I got C's letter. Next day got Phenany's letter and Ram's analysis. What a striking community of ideas as revealed by my letter to Bandu and Ram's speech. This week I have not read much except M.G., one issue of *Economist* and a few pages from Veblen, style in many places is clumsy, repetitious although occasionally very interesting.

*17th July:* These past few days my mind is overflowing with thoughts and images, incoherent and chaotic, about India, the world and future of mankind. What does the new turn in Soviet affairs signify? Is it a final conquest by the West of Russia? What made it possible? A common Christianity? Or a common Greco-Roman background? Innate aggressive tendencies represented by da Gama, Pizarro, Clive and Cecil Rhodes in the West and Russian expansion towards the Pacific in the 19th century? The favourable man-resources ratio which this expansion provided as the basis for the industrial revolution. . .

If the conquest (spiritual and material) of Russia is complete and definitive then the rivalry between the West and the USSR cannot be called a clash of two civilizations, but essentially a civil war of a common European civilization. . . .

These two branches of the same species could then be said to have monopolised a very large share of the earth and its resources, a share which is patently unequal and unjust. None of these branches when it comes to parting with will agree to it. Its homelands (as distinct from empire) will agree to it. If it is a question of relinquishing control over alien people and countries uninhabitable for white races, or of providing a couple of billion rupees then its another matter—it might be done.

The Russians would cling to Turkestan even more desperately than the French do to Algeria. . . .

Nehruism is a liberal (even Socialists of 20th century are liberal!) imitation of the West; and Maoism a Marxist imitation. Both must fail in achieving their ends. . . . Arabs' course does not seem to be clear. What after the West has drained away their sub-soil riches? Only Egypt seems to be dimly aware of the problem . . . . Japan presents an example of imitation carried out half-way. . . . the result cannot be said to be stable . . . . It would remain an explosive element in the whole Asian and world complex?

The mistake of the Indian Socialists is that they hark back to values and ways of life that are dead; and seek to imitate the technical and political forms of the West: At least Gandhi's was a full-scale return to the past! Vinoba's advocacy of decentralisation serves as a cushion, a shock absorber to the Nehru experiment and cannot be ascribed any creative significance. . . .

Can we really suggest a new way? Why don't people follow us? (1) Are our ideas wrong and unrealistic or (2) Are we unworthy instruments of these ideas? If the latter is true then we must reform ourselves at the same time as we refine our ideas.

July 23, 1956: Read two short novels of the Russian Turgenev. The Russian character, violent, emotional, dark, mysterious completely baffles me. But I cannot say the literary portraits are untrue. Their terrible truth is borne out by the latest anti-Stalin drama.

Finished Robertson's *Money*. (21-22) yesterday came *Economist* etc., in the evening. I have been reading the whole day.

Have started taking light exercise since 19th July; the body aches! I hope I would be able to keep it up for at least six months!

Reading out 'Communist' statements for R's benefit increases my disgust with the CP! What people! They are scarcely human me thinks. Got C's letter written in Popat's name on 18th, Also Sakrikar's on UF with the CP. Wrote an immediate reply. Intend writing two articles: one on reconstruction of the Indian society and the other on the charlatans inside the CP and the saints within the PSP.

July 30: Day before came that terrible attack of cold which has upset my schedule, but which in a way is welcome, because it is my

belief that this cold is a prophylactic against the recurrence of Asthma. I don't remember I had any such virulent attack of cold in the last three years. The cold reached its climax yesterday night with a feeling of fever. This morning I skipped bath and had a hot water wash instead. . .

IPR publications came day before yesterday, as also C's letter. Why have they not received my letter No. 3? Had to "copy" it over again day before yesterday and yesterday morning. I started reading Spengler on 27th July but had to give it up the next day because of cold. . .

*August 2:* Yesterday evening learnt that Nasser has nationalised the Suez Canal to retaliate against the US-British refusal to finance the Aswan Dam. And England has frozen its Sterling balances! Has Nasser got an agreement with the Soviets? Otherwise there is a danger of his going the Moosadiq way. This is the reawakening of the Arabs after centuries of foreign domination. This reduces Britain's Cyprus strategy to a farce. . . .

A military action by the Western Big Three seems improbable. Can there be some Soviet neutrality? Of course the Soviets would not like their cities be hydrogen bombed. But that applies to London and Paris equally. And the American administration would not dare intervene militarily against Arab nationalism and in an election year at that! Will this not make the West more pro-Portuguese? Sure it will. Azores-Angola-Mozambique-Goa is across Atlantic Indian ocean communications with the Anzac dominions. The Russians must be happy others have taken the lead in the fight against the West, letting them sit back and watch comfortably!

*August 3, 1956:* It is nearly 10 P.M. I have just finished chapter IX of Spengler's *Decline*- the most majestic description of the inner spirit of Western civilization that I have come across so far! How deeply conscious he is of the superiority of his culture, although too painfully conscious of its transitory and mortal nature, especially over that of the Hellenic, whose influence on the "Faustian" he so much laments!

Alas it is true that I, as an Indian, am too deeply attached to my soil—to the Himalayas, to the Indus and the Ganga, and even if it were possible for me to expand the sway of India, would not care to do it? But while the space-adventure has no attraction for me, the adventure of the mind and the spirit is in a brilliant category. I am

representative of my country in this? . . . Sent letters to Raju and Jagadish<sup>1</sup>. The “jilted lover”, Mr. JP has asked his party to defeat the Congress by uniting with the CP!!

*August 4:* Spengler has underlined the uniqueness of each civilization, and therefore the historical character of all civilizations. But he completely ignores the phenomenon of interpenetration of different cultures; he ignores what Toynbee calls cultural encounters. Perhaps there is after all some common element in all the cultures which holds out the prospect of the creation of a universal civilization?

*August 8:* Reading Vol I of Toynbee (page 31) I have come across one interesting point namely the absence of a common name for “our” society today. It means that we are not conscious of societies of equal standing. regard others as *natives*. and divide civilized Mankind into Americans, Frenchman, Germans, etc. How the situation has changed now! Because of the challenge of Russia the West feels itself embattled and this term West has become widely prevalent today. Although the journalists use it nebulously, more often equalling it with Anglo-American. Nothing illustrates the absurdity of this parochialism as the titles, “Germany and the West!”—in relation to a country which has played so prominent a part in its development!

*August 14:* Heard that because of Deshmukh’s revolt against the Govt. the new Nehru Committee has recommended creation of a giant Western State and the Parliament endorsed the suggestion . . . Earlier news of ‘riots’ in Ahmedabad had come. Had a heated argument with the ‘bourgeois’ leader this evening. If this was to be the final solution, why were hundreds killed by a series of inept, vicious moves? Now so much bitterness has been generated that it is very unlikely the people would accept it, though I would have favoured it had it been proposed at the very outset. Now I also don’t feel much enthusiasm for it.

I resent greatly Bandu’s suggestion that I should not correspond with friends on topical questions. I am afraid his relations with Dinkar are no longer cordial . . . Dinkar writes frantically about U.F.

*August 16:* I stayed awake yesterday night for a long time thinking over C’s letter and her panic about the PSP prospects and our comparative insignificance. During the last few days this staying

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1. Jagadish Joshi - Socialist leader from Madhya Pradesh. Later joined the Congress. M.P.

awake has become very common. I live much too deeply in the present that is why I have become incapable of my theoretical work—writing. It needs must be polemical. After hearing about JP-Ghosh alliance my contempt for that man increased further—as if its present intensity were not enough. I think often about that Saint of Maharashtra and his egoism. Certainly I am not jealous of him. What is there to be jealous about? Have they any principles?

Sometimes I fear that our approach is too rational, that we attach too much importance to consistency and suppose that the world is intellectual and could appreciate our stand. This is not a plea for “flexibility” of policy—another name for opportunism. But some emotional touch is lacking in us—that is certain . . .

After all what is this CP and the PSP? Having talked for years about Nehru’s magnanimity and progressiveness, they now want to unite to defeat the Congress. Such parties can never be any thing but marginal phenomena; they cannot affect the course of history. We refuse to become marginal and thereby risk the danger of complete extinction, if not insignificance. But if we grow, we should have the power to affect history, whereas our erstwhile friends want to float somehow, just keep their heads out of water!

*August 20, 1956:* Sleeplessness of 15th night brought a second bout of cold and flu. This flu is spreading in No. 4. I started shivering on 16th night. Could not sleep soundly—the whole body was aching. On 18, thermometer showed a temperature around 100°F (*Eastern Economist* came on the 17th). . . .

Yesterday came journalists whom we turned away. What is the use of discussing things with them? Even our application to G.G. and complaints (before that) to the Red Cross has not had any result!

No letter on Saturday and Sunday.

*August 23: (morning)* A year ago I set down my assessment of the political situation. It is time to review it and find out where I went wrong.

My assessment of the international situation despite the Suez crisis, has come out true; also my estimate of the C.P. policy. Of course I did not and could not have foretold the denunciation of Stalin, although it was clear for some time that he was being duly dumped by the new Soviet leaders.



I was right in my statement of future Socialist prospects. I have used the expression "JP's being in the lime light." "Little did I imagine then that this saint would go so far as to team with Commies in order to survive! But when I read the news I thought that may be these are pressure tactics, ultimately he would line up with the Congress. Now C in a letter which came on August 21 says that talks have been opened between J.P., Dhebar<sup>1</sup> and Vinoba.

I thought then that PSP would fare badly in Bombay. But thanks to this S. Maharashtra it has achieved a certain popularity in these parts—now also in Gujarat! The congress has not disintegrated in Maharashtra but has only lost popular support. This has temporarily strengthened S.M.'s position. But the last word has not yet been said on the linguistic issue, and perhaps after all my prognosis may not be so wide off the mark after all.

The PSP's election antics vividly underline the lengths to which a party would go merely to survive! Things don't work out logically in this country at all!!

*August 27:* Read Toynbee Vol. II (21st to 26th Aug. Inclusive) and Vol. I in the second week of August. . .

Got two letters from C last week, and one long letter from Phenany.

This morning I am experiencing a stomach upset. . . .

A couple of years ago I read Peter Druker's articles on 'automation revolution' in some American magazine; today I have read the *Economist* supplement on the same subject. The prospects appeal to me.

How can we people of Asia, living in the tropics, confined to a small part of the world relatively and again relatively speaking, breeding fast, run the race with the Europeans who seem to be endowed with superior vitality thanks to racial-heridity factor (rather doubtfully) and more importantly because of the climatic factor?

But perhaps why run the race at all? Is not West with this stupendous and ever increasing strain and speed breeding towards certain ruin?

In the short run however the automation revolution favour the more fortunate nations as against the poor ones, and even within these

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1. Shri Uchhrungrai Dhebar - Congress leader from Gujarat. Party President.

favoured economies, it may conceivably retard, if not reverse, the trend towards equality, because it inevitably accentuates differences in natural aptitudes among men. . . .

*August 28:* Eyesore, sleeplessness have again brought that wretched cold. . . . Hope at least tonight I would get good sleep . . . Have started taking exercise again..

Yesternight I read several issues of *Dawn* . . . Use of force on Suez seems unlikely now. But will the Egyptians be able to counter the blockade and get technical help—pilots, etc., to run the canal efficiently. What will be the attitude of W. Germany? This is a good opportunity for them to earn the goodwill of the Arab world.

*September 1:* I have recovered, but one night's bad sleep brings back the eyesore. Several books have come for Joshi and I have started finishing them one after the other. Toynbee's Biography of Churchill, Panikar's *Principles and Practice of Diplomacy*; *Great Religions of the World and Readers' Digest* summary of Daphne du Maurier's thriller *My Cousin Rachel*—and now Francis Low's '*Struggle for Asia*'.

From C no letter has come after her return from Amalner.

*Sept. 3:* I was full of self-pity at the thought that my friends have forgotten me. But I show little understanding in expecting them to write frequently to a man condemned to 12 years: they have more pressing and urgent things to attend to. It is thoroughly morbid of me to want them to always think of the *dead*—and—surely dead I am for all practical purposes.

*Sept. 9:* Yesterday was Ganesha day. Food packages started coming in from last Sunday itself. Karanjis and Kadbus, etc. Jilebi from the bourgeois world was poor. I merely tasted it.

The books I wanted to send out have come back—minus 2! I am reading a book entitled *The Birth and Death of the Sun*. It induced me to refresh my memory about the *Time* articles on the discovery by the California scientists of anti-proton, always a possibility according to the symmetrical universe thesis of electro dynamics. In ordinary atoms we have the nucleus of proton (positive charge) with (negative) electrons revolving around it. In atoms of anti-matter, you have anti-protons (with negative charge) and positrons (or anti-electrons) with positive charge. Is it possible that there are galaxies made up of anti-

matter? Positrons and anti-protons cannot but be extremely short-lived. They are bound to collide with their opposite number on our planet. (*Time*: October 31, 1955; July 23, 1956).

*September 14, 1956*: The news about Suez is disquieting. Menzies who carried the majority international conference proposals to Cairo has returned upon the rejection by Nasser of international control. Military build up by England and France continues. (Suez canal has been closed for a week as an emergency measure (?)). Will the two powers intervene? If they do, what? They can defeat Nasser militarily; but how long can they hold Egypt and the middle east by force? Even if the Russians don't interfere they would give the Arabs sufficient help for the two powers to achieve quick and decisive victory i.e., Pacification of Western Asia and Egypt! The result would be (1) ruin of Western Asia through the devastation of war, and (2) long-term ruin of France and Britain with the emergence of W. Germany as the supreme power in W. Europe, and further strengthening of Russia in West Asia. Indian economic development will receive a set back and Russia's influence in South Asia would grow immensely, and the U.S., carrying the sins of Western civilization on its back, would be further violated . . .

"Those whom the Gods are intent on destroying, are first driven mad." Have Britain and France gone mad? French Socialism stinks, and as for the Labour Party it too has completely failed. The task of keeping the nation's conscience and even reprimanding Gaitskell himself fell on the liberal *Economist* and specially on *Manchester Guardian*!

*Wednesday, September 19, 1956*: There is the new western proposal of a Canal users' association seeking to force passage through the canal. Anglo-French seems itching for a fight. Dulles rules out shooting! Why this fellow Stevenson does not support Dulles' stand against the use of force—because of the Jews and the South?

C's letter with P's photos came on Friday night while I was eating. I could not have a bite more so eager I was to see the pictures and read the letter. C is now free of domestic worry (because of the cheque) but there is a Democles' sword of dismissal from the college next year.

Yesterday came two issues of *Hindu Weekly*. The issue dated Sept. 3, carries a despatch from New Delhi on 'Leftist Unity'. Ghosh talks

of discriminating support to Nehru and returns a non-committal answer when asked if the Reds would not split on this issue as the Socialists did. There is also oblique references to J.P.'s trying to play a power "game", his trying to have the best of both worlds—bhoodan and alliance with the Reds. The process of the showing up of the saint has begun!

*Sunday 24, 1956:* This past week I have been prodding through the second volume of Spengler's *Decline of the West* which I had given up reading weeks ago.

This is more historical in character in which he develops his ideas of race, people, nation, state, estates etc. . .

Toynbee divides Spengler's Magian culture into: Orthodox Greek and Syriac and pushes back the former to include the Acheminidal (which Spengler attaches to Babylonian culture); the encounter of the Syriac and the Hellenic cultures, Spengler calls pseudomamphosis—The East Roman empire period. . . According to him we of India, Egypt and China belong to the post "form-fulfilled", historyless fellaheen state. We are not the subject—since we have already (long back) exhausted our potentialities for development—but the object . . .

How then account for the resurgence of China, India and the Arab world? Is it to be explained as "old wine in new bottle"\*—a revival, or is this upsurge that of peoples converted to the western culture—as new convert—members of world-wide western society—which the USSR undoubtedly is—, or, can one hope, it is the beginning of a new culture?

Perhaps we are imitators; already the innermost core of our being is captive to the West, and that a new civilization would arise only after this world-wide society, and we along with it, have completely disintegrated?

*Morning 26th Sept.:* So the PSP executive has accepted J.P.'s advice! Asoka has come out, with a statement. As I wrote to Bandu, the guy has proved to be a 'doctrinaire', a lesser politician. Anyway he retains a part of the 'esteem' in which I held him!

Disturbances over Religious leaders are disquieting. I don't Like this agitation just I don't like the cow movement. A lot of fuss is made of sentiments. Soon it would become impossible for men like me to live in this. The opportunist CPI has backed the Muslim trouble makers. Why the Hindus of the North react so violently? They forget

that their fanatic anti-islamism has the automatic stamp of fanatic Islamic Syriac religions!

Nasser seems to be winning. The users association will after all not shoot its way through the Canal but go to the UN!

Yesterday finished Spengler Vol. II. The last pages brilliantly describe the *finale* of the western civilization.

30th Sept.: These five days I have been reading and reading. Have nearly finished that Second Plan and 210 pages of Toynbee III. I read no papers till today; nor received or wrote any letter.

The Plan in its final form is retrogressive; even the ceiling on lands are to go, says Dantawalla<sup>1</sup> to Desai. Desai's version is that in the PSP meet it was Asoka who won (though absent) and not J.P. But provinces are given "freedom of action" to avoid triangular contests!!

It started raining on 25th night; although it did not rain these two days, the weather is cloudy. This, like last years, seems to be the last spell of the monsoon.

October 6: Day before yesterday night as I was about to finish Toynbee III I became conscious of uneasiness and pressure on the lungs. And soon the attack developed . . . Hot water and tea were of no avail. . . This was due to (1) foul weather, (2) that dirty rice which I had to cook and eat because no bread came today!

Yesterday night I had a shot in the arm. . . The weather since morning had improved. It rained like hell yesternight Today it was fine and I hope I am through. . . I have to be ready to receive Papat and C 10 days hence!! I spent the whole day reading newspapers: *Time*, *Economist* and *M.G.*

October 8, 1956: The improvement continues. Weather fine and lovely. Breeze throughout the day. But somehow have no heart to read the *Credit Survey*. . . Akalis have merged into the Congress. Tito<sup>2</sup>-Khrushchev<sup>3</sup> are quarrelling and also trying to patch up.

October 11, 1956: Been reading steadily the *Credit Survey* at the rate of 100 pages a day. Very interesting and complete report. . .

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1. Prof. Dantawalla - Socialist economist.

2. Marshal Tito - President of Yugoslavia, who revolted against Stalin, Russia's Dictator.

3. Khrushchev - Russia's President after Stalin. Khrushchev started the idea of destalinisation.

Day before came Kelkars<sup>1,2</sup> letters and *Mankind*. The note on Suez is excellent. Taya Zinkin came to see us in the afternoon. She was expected yesterday itself. Did not recognize me at once. Probably she did not expect to see me here!!!

Yesterday dreamt that I was marooned on the top of a hill, with the surrounding area submerged under flood water, and I desperately wanting to get away—with the help of a “local mama” . . .

Ever since the attack have stopped the evening meal. Intend now to take only a glass of Nkrumah's cocoa! No letters for two days. Has C got her visa? When are they coming?

*October 13, Noon:* Finished the Survey finally today. Able report no doubt but smacks of too much statism. Perhaps there is no alternative, but without (1) radical economic changes: redistribution of land and income equality and (2) decentralisation, there is a great danger of the state establishing its stranglehold over the vital sectors of peoples life. . . .

*October 14, 1956:* C, came yesterday to see me in the afternoon, with little Popat. First came the articles and then, unexpectedly, the interview. I hailed her from a distance. Was shocked to find Popat such a little thing. I thought he would be strong, hefty boy. How misleading the photos can be!. . . I started quarrelling almost immediately but extremely pleased to know that she has withdrawn her signature . . . C says that I always misunderstand her, don't take a sympathetic view. . .

Popat recited: twinkle twinkle little star and named the 12 months of the year, recognised his father, kissed him and embraced him; dutifully said that he was *really* his father's pet! But he had his hair cut off and did not look as charming as he does in that picture of 14 th March . . .

Had a long, sound sleep, having met my darlings and with that worry gone. This afternoon I suddenly grew sad, vistful at the thought that soon they would be gone and won't return for a pretty long time. It is better to be expecting an interview with the dear ones and have it. For after meeting comes inevitably the parting!

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1. Acharya Kelkar - Socialist friend, leader, Editor of Weekly *Andolan*, writer of many books.

2. Indumati Kelkar - His wife, actively worked for the Socialist Party and R.S.D. Wrote Dr. Lohia's biography and several other books.

We discuss Goa. . . really is there any possibility of a solution? Is not Patil's optimism completely baseless? The only way out of here is amensy by the Portuguese. Nehru won't do anything and Salazar knows that. Why should he release us? He would prefer to see us rot here. Not that I regret the past. But as the months and years pass, the separation and responsibility must weigh heavily on C's mind and oppress her. After all have I not made her life miserable? Have I any right to 'torture' her? . . .

C has brought so many things. I am angry with her for her extravagance. Hope will meet Vinayak at least tomorrow.

*October 23, 1956:* Had joint interview with V and C; saw them separately again on Tuesday. The second interview with Vinayak was very unsatisfactory. On Wednesday Popat was asleep throughout the interview so was allowed to see him again in the evening. He accepted the chocolate from the Commander's wife but refused to go up to her—was probably put off by her rouge. The longish interviews on Fri. and Sat. did not bring any satisfaction. It is much better to be expectant, than face to face with her. Too many worries for her and for me—mostly family difficulties.

Where is C to find nearly 250 Rs. per month? She asks me whether she should work or study? What can I say? Let her follow her own inclinations. I only don't want her to sign applications!

Yeshwant Chavan<sup>1</sup> has become Chief Minister. Why Gorey and Raosaheb and Atmaram are unhappy? envy? Of course all Congressmen are alike, to me. Nevertheless I like young, intelligent chaps from backward communities to triumph in every party. Partisanship is not a blemish at all. Opportunism is. I am therefore glad of Y. Chavan's good fortune. Let other parties also throw up such leaders.

Raymon Arah's book is third rate, especially where it deals with politics-military strategy. How could one write like that in this Hydrogen age? He is a typical European. For him we don't exist. He speaks only once, and vaguely, of a new synthesis in old societies' domain.

These past days again the nauseating talk of release is on. . .

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1. Y.B. Chavan - Maharashtra's Chief Minister from the Congress Party during turbulent years of Samyukta Maharashtra Samiti days. Later on Central Defence, Home and Finance Minister. Deputy Prime Minister in Chaudhary Charan Singh's Ministry.

'Mankind' has come. They should be careful about facts. . . dates and figures and statistics. Apart from da Gama's arrival in Goa, there are figures about Suez profits and foreign investments in India. I remember to have read the latter to be around \$ 800 million dollars (Rs. 400 crores), but the editorial says it is Rs. 10 billion.

Ram's notes and article on internationalism are good. While mythology is interesting I scent a tendency to glorify the past too much. Or am I wrong?

October 24: Read *Encounter* and *Quest*. That article on Poland is shocking. It seems there is an open revolt in Poland—in the intellectual and cultural sphere. I read out passages to Joshi. The Poles are brave like the Yugoslavs and unlike the Czecks. Not even 4 partitions and 10 years of Stalinism have crushed them.

October 25: Heard of changes in Poland. Titoism has indeed proved corrosive force. The infection is spreading. It is doubtful how long the Khrushchev gang would last!

The noose around Nasser is being tightened. I don't at all like the nefarious game of Nehru and Menon. The Article in *Economist* on Indian views (29th Sept.) is nauseating—or rather views of political India which it outlines! The Soviet revolt too would go against Nasser—coming at this juncture.

October 29: These last five-six days we are enjoying shalgum bhaji, cauliflower-tomato and cabbage-salad. Hari Gadre<sup>1</sup> brought fine eggs gift from Sudhakar Maydev<sup>2</sup>. Had fried eggs, omelettes and boiled eggs for breakfast. . . There has been plenty to eat ever since C's and Joshi's friends' visit—although we distributed vast quantities among the various barracks. Really I don't like things coming from outside. But here this seems to be an old practice.

Have started filling my notebook with statistical information of the world drawn from *Economist*, *Eastern Economist* and other sources. I want my information as up to date as possible!

Read Pyarelal's "Mahatma Gandhi Last Phase."

I feel the Congress leadership showed great weakness in the post-1946 crisis, origins of which go back to the Cripps negotiations in 1942. Gandhiji also was not free from blame though it must be said

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1. Haribhau Gadre - Socialist friend from Pune.

2. Sudhaker Maydev - A friend from Pune.



that he instinctively grasped the dangers. Why did he not fight? . . . Why did he bless the effort of the Working Committee at every stage? They should have been firm at the time of the League's entry into the Provisional Government. Gandhi's intervention through Nawab of Bhopal was most unfortunate. Nehru is blamed by Sardar for issuing empty threats. Even granting that the British were partial to Jinnah, his obstinacy and Nehru's weakness, provide a clue to the developments which moved to a climax in August 1947. That wretched Maulana also introduced a complication. Ultimately, the partition was a measure of Gandhi's failure. . .

The hues of the autumnal evening (today) were sombre but nevertheless fascinating.

*October 31:* Dhanatrayodashi. We celebrate the festival of lamp lights.

French gangstering (in abducting the 5 Algerians) has evoked strong protests throughout the Arab world. These 'Socialists' have no respect for legality of principles. They want Nasser's blood . . . Today has come the news of Israeli-Egyptian war. Israel marching towards the Canal Zone with Anglo-French assistance. Could it be true? The Arabs must fight even at the risk of their lands being reduced to shambles.

*Nov. 2:* These three successive evenings we have been lighting improvised lamps; Cells 8 and 3 have hung akashadivas. But over Dipavali hangs the lengthening shadow of war. Heard of Anglo-French ultimatum to Egypt. Eden made it clear in the House of Commons that they are determined to seize the Suez Canal. This Israel war has been deliberately engineered in order to provide the Anglo-French with an excuse. These two powers have returned to 19th century barbarism.

Egypt said they would resist. Eisenhower's appeal has proved ineffective, for the bombardment has begun. What effect this would have on American elections? The Soviets must have been considerably weakened by happenings in East Europe. Any way Afro-Asia could do well not to depend upon Russia or on any other power. They must prepare for a long-term action, for which resources have to come from within. Apart from Russia's present weakness Egypt is too far away from Russia for it to render effective aid. The Anglo-French navy can blockade both the Red sea entrance as well as the Mediterranean

littoral of Egypt. What would be the reaction of the Arab states—Iraq and Saudi Arabia do? And the weak Jordan-Syria and Morocco-Tunisia who have been so shabbily treated by France!

I wonder what the attitude of a Democratic administration would be. They stood for the arming of Israel! Dulles-Eisenhower stand is comparatively better. But the US is inextricably linked with the Anglo-French, and if this should lead to a world war, they would be dragged in inevitably—on the side of these Western imperialists. Arabs can rely on the US only at their peril!

Having been the pivot of the British influence in South and East Asia all these years, one cannot expect Nehru to turn a revolutionary suddenly. But the Indian public opinion should force his hands. . . .

*Nov. 5, 1956:* Yesterday violent discussion with the Commies here leaves a bad taste. It is futile to expect that they would give up their blind worship of Russia.

Have finished the first part of the Vakil-Bramhanand volume. While I share their opposition to the Planners policy of freezing technological change I don't agree with their alternative; I rather suspect that they are speaking to the brief of the millowners. They commit a mistake which is the reverse of that of Dobb. In their chapter on Small Industries they ignore cost of machinery imports, profits and dividends and foreign capital investments. . . . Again when they argue that there is no serious limit on the capacity to increase employment in capital construction (such as tools etc.) except the availability of wage-goods, it is difficult to agree. Unless we organize capital construction on the labour camp or barrack basis, the argument cannot be sustained.

*Nov. 10, 1956:* Two sleepless nights—waiting for news and letters and yesterday because a whole lot came and agitated my mind.

The UN resolution sponsored by Dulles got a terrific majority. Rumours say that war has stopped. Nehru's statements are very weak. That wobbler is acting in a hateful manner. Stevenson has not come out with a mere pro-Arab line. He laments spread of Commie influence in M. East the worsening of relations with Anglo-France. Labour Party's attitude is somewhat better. It would be good if pressure of world opinion forces Britain and France to stop and pull out and Israel to withdraw to the former armistice line. . . .

East European revolution is marching on. The revolt in Hungary has freed Nagy<sup>1</sup> to concede every demand of the people: the flag is changed; workers', students' demands are conceded; Soviet troops are to go, and reports of 3rd November say that the country would pull out of the Warsaw Treaty and go to the Austrian—neutral way. Cardinals in Poland and Hungary have been released, coalition is instituted in both countries. Gomulka has abandoned collective farms, he swears by friendship on equal basis with the USSR—naturally; he has cause to fear German demand for revision of frontiers . . .

Poland and Yugoslavia both applaud the peoples revolution and even Togliatti criticises use of Russian troops. . .

The exposure of the pretensions of Communism is proceeding at a breathtaking speed. This is an occasion of rejoicing by freedom lovers, but mine is tempered by two reservations. (1) This is a revolt of the provinces (easternmost) of the Western society and (2) It is likely to weaken Nasser's position in the short-run, coming as it does at this juncture. . .

C's letter and rumours about release. Better to forget about it. . .

(Eisenhower has been elected, as was expected. . . , so said the Medico, sometime back).

*Nov. 11, 1956:* The news from M.E. is grave. The Anglo-French are not prepared to honour the UN directive and pull out from the Canal Zone which they have seized. Russian request for passage has been refused by Turkey. Iran and Iraq would do the same. Russians have occupied Hungary and deposed the Government of Nagy and Americans, have alerted their forces. One false move and the world would blow up. Russia's forcing its way through Turkey and Iran would mean war. Could they not tell the Americans that if they fail to get Anglo-France to withdraw, they would attack England and France, rather than follow an indirect method which is sure to lead to war. (They should also agree to evacuate Hungary). If Anglo-France pull out of the Canal Zone, a threat to peace would have disappeared. But today naked force has become the arbiter of human destiny.

*Nov. 13, 1956:* Another batch of *Karachi Times* has come. Also got the latest radio news. There is cease-fire now. The chain of events seems to be as follows:

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1. Imre Nagy - Hungarian Communist leader who revolted against the ruling party and was hanged.

30th: Israel started the aggression with Anglo-French support. Anglo-French give 12 hours ultimatum (but say that anyway they would occupy the Canal). US sponsors a resolution in Security Council which the British veto. An emergency session of the General Assembly passes a US-sponsored resolution with only 5 against. The Anglo-French and Israel raise objections. Labour and Liberal Parties take firm action. G.A. meets again and accepts Canadian resolution on Police force and Afro-Asian proposal for an immediate cease-fire. US supports both resolutions. Also the Russia's Bulganin writes to Mollet and Eden, saying that Russia would intervene if UN resolution not honoured. Dag authorised to outline police force scheme within 48 hours. Tehran meeting of Baghdad powers (\*Britain) condemn aggression. Diplomatic relations with France severed. Syrians destroy pipelines of British 'Iraq Petroleum'. Zhukov, again speaks of military intervention in support of UN. Eisenhower's and Bulganin's letters to Israel do the trick and Ben Gurion agrees to withdraw the troops. Presumably England and France have agreed to pull out upon arrival of Police force of 10 nations which Dag is creating with great speed. So, perhaps, peace would be re-established. Labour's role after the ultimatum seems to have been honourable. Russian attitude on Suez is admirable (Hungary blot notwithstanding). US attitude, though somewhat weak, still Dag could not have moved so firmly and decisively without US support. Anglo-American relations must have been damaged considerably. It is surprising that old Churchill supported this stupid yet criminal action!

The likely results of the war seemed to be: destruction of Baghdad pact, weakening of SEATO, worsening of Anglo-American and Franco-American relations, weakening of British interference in West Asia, strengthening of Nasser's position; shaken to the very foundation are Indo-British relations, Nehru's principle No.1. Algerian nationalism, too, would receive an impetus. Tories would be defeated if elections held soon. In France Mendes-France would again become a key figure. Altogether the consequences are likely to be wholesome. If the thing had lasted, Nehru would have been completely exposed. But he has not run out of luck yet!

Hungarian developments, though confused, have been somewhat on these lines: Revolt of the students and the workers forces the installation of Nagy. The rebellion deepens and spreads. Nagy forms a coalition, yields to the rebel demands. But protest against use of Russian troops continues. The entire administration, army and the

Hungarian Party (CP) go over. Nagy again reshuffles Cabinet, changes his delegate at UN, declares neutrality and begins negotiations with the Russians for withdrawal of troops, Russians apparently agreed. Either it was a clever ruse or may be they were sincere, but later on the collective leadership thought Nagy was going too far and that they must intervene to save their position in East Europe which was menaced by Hungarian defection.

Poland, Yugoslavia and even Togliatti sympathised with the Hungarians. But later on thought they should stop now. The revolt could not be controlled however, and Nagy's attack on Warsaw Treaty sealed his fate. It seems Russia in a statement on 30th had conceded the right of the client states to independence but changed its mind on 1st and 2nd Nov. Anyway Hungary is a setback to Poland and Yugoslavia. If the new Government cannot conquer the hearts of the Hungarians, the whole progress towards "democratisation" in the Soviet bloc could not only be retarded but perhaps reversed.

Nov. 16, 1956: Three beautiful evenings—14, 15, 16. Lovely moonlight and a little nip in the air. The last two mornings have been pretty cold, though days rather hot. Finished D.R. Gadgil's<sup>1</sup> evolution. The work of compiling statistical information is continuing. . .

Letter from C. Our membership has exceeded 3 lakhs; would reach 6 lakhs! Grand!! The PSP's is (or was) 2.75 lakhs. The Asian show from the PSP point of view seems a flop. Sucheta has resigned! Commies are shaken by Poland and Hungary. . . J.P. did not attend the show; what happened to Asoka.

Nov. 22, 1956: The Chief wanted to execute whitewash and painting in our cells; so we were transferred to the lovely room upstairs—for the duration of the day. So we were together in cells No.2 and 5. Sort of picnic, cool breeze etc. Read *Time* dated 12th and *Economist* of 10th. . . Today got Dinkar's letter, and Bag's only yesterday.

Tito praises Gomulka and blames the Hungarian events on the Stalinist diehards. *Pravda* has hit back, accusing him of interference in the affairs of the other Communist countries. The Hungarian massacre continues, and the Western society, of which it is the Eastern frontier, is deeply agitated. Of course Russia's conduct is barbarous but Western society is not half so shocked by the criminal

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1. Well known economist.

aggression of Anglo-France against an Arab state. Their forces have not started pulling out yet, and Russian troops movement continue. Khrushchev is again bellicose; have the Hungarian events put his position in jeopardy? Is he trying to retrieve his prestige?

*Nov. 28, 1956:* Rumours continue unabated about the amnesty, much to my disgust. Even dates are being mentioned. But I have not let these affect my reading. Finished Keynes' two volumes. The situation in Europe and America today has changed. Rising populations (relatively to the pre-war period), prosperity, new techniques, investment opportunities. Why should there be any fear of depression? Can capital accumulation ever be excessive? This talk about overly savings is so much nonsense. . . Surely there are ways of combating this danger? Debate between Tito and Moscow is on. Nagy has been arrested contrary to the understanding between Kadar and Yugoslav embassy. Molotov has been appointed Chief Coordinator of the Cabinet, a super prime minister? My prediction about the weakening of Khrushchev's position seems to have come true.

Tito's speech was broadcast only by Warsaw and Budapest. . . Italian labour leader Vittorio is siding with the Hungarians; also Nenni. French Commies are against the Yugoslavs.

Nehru got 60 crores rupees loan from Russia. That is why he sided with the Russians on Hungary. I don't think so. In his calculations it is Kashmir which weighs heavily. The mess has landed the country in! Why did he go to the UN first of all?

*Dec. 1, 1956:* Strachey's book is a paraphrase of Durbin and Galbraith. There is no originality of ideas—a difficult and rare enough thing—nor attractiveness of presentation. The book has only autobiographical interest. How the man changed: Nature of Capitalist crisis to contemporary capitalism! And I don't think the autobiography is interesting! I have finished most of the books worth reading here. And now there is a sense of vacuum. What next?

The weather—in the morning and evening—is pleasant, but insufferably hot in the afternoon. . .

I am reading Shridhar Swamy's *Arya Sanskriti*, However noble the ethics and spiritual aspirations of the Vedic religion, I am repelled by its wicked varna system. Surely the ethos of religion must be fundamentally vicious if it has to cast the major partition of society into the dungeon of inferiority—for well over 4,000 years!

Dec. 5, 1956: There can be such a thing as too much "human contact". Then you get fed up with the world. It is so with me now. . . Galbraith and Jathar Beri. . . and now Iswari Prasad's '*Medieval India*'. By no means a great book. It is a textbook. Have started reading Shakespeare's "Historical Plays" also. Papers have stopped coming. Cannot the Padre even arrange this? Beware of self-pity!

Dec. 8, 1956: After completing the *Medieval History* ahead of schedule, I also read through the Six Centenary Volumes on the Vijaynagar empire. It was good that I refreshed my knowledge of India after Harsha and prior to Mogul-Maratha period. One is left wondering at the singular political ineptitude of Hindu India and the barbarity of the early Muslim conquerers. With all its faults—and the viciousness of the Varna system—Old India did have certain vitality which saved it from going the way of Rome, Egypt, Persia (pre-Muslim) and Irdarsia. After seven hundred years of Muslim and two hundred years of European domination, our society has finally emerged into freedom! Will the new India develop political ability, which it has so conspicuously lacked in the past, and eradicate the caste stigma for good?

Yesterday came Father Carreno and told us about the mediation of the Church. If our release is obtained by conceding a say the Ferangee demand in regard to blockade it would be a great shame for the Uttampurush. As far as I am concerned I don't like measures which hurt our own people. There are other more efficacious and speedy methods of solving the problem!

Dec. 11, 1956: C. writes about our Amalner Conference and about Kamath-Asoka 'clash' at their Bangalore meet. Read the clippings today. Sucheta has left the party. J.B.K. P.C.G., Pattam, Sarangdhar—all these are in their late sixties. How can be relied upon to build a party? 1957 elections are their last chance. The prospects are none too good. But we must have a 5-year programme of work and action. Menon's speech at the UN. He is prepared to wait for a hundred years. But will his master survive another hundred years? After him what?

Dec. 16, 1956: I have begun the *Ramcharitmanas*-pathan. I am making progress steadily, regularly. In spite of his emphasis on the greatness of the Brahmins, his contempt for the women and the sudra, I must say it is a lovely epic. The imagery is hackneyed and conventional. But the word music is melodious, and it is simply sweet in many places. I have already read nearly 400 pages. . .

A lot of papers have come during the last few days—*Karachi Times*. The Anglo-French 'have decided to pull out—finally. The Americans have brought the Baghdad four under their protective umbrella. . . . The Hungarian trouble is not over. The rift between the Soviet bloc and Yugoslavia is widening. . . . And the East Germans are critical of the new Polish way to Socialism; also the Chzechs and Albanians of Tito.

Nehru, the opportunist, changes his position on Hungary everyday. But at the back of his mind is always the question of Kashmir. If you accept Pakistan and partition, it becomes difficult to defend the Kashmir accession. Besides the whole thing has been bungled by Nehru.

*Dec. 18, 1956:* The general elections have been finalised: Feb. 26 to Mar. 14 Our colleagues are worried about *their* election. Want to capitalise their *Wanawas!*

J.P.-Ajoy Ghosh exchange is far from enlightening. J.P.'s letter is third rate. Ghosh's reply is comparatively better. how he flatters J.P.! J.P. also is shrewdly trying to exploit the Commies. Both are now fit to be *bhaldars* and *chopadars* of Nehru. Neither is interested in people's struggles! J.P. is back at his old game—1934-40. *Ghosh's admissions:* There were blemishes in the relations between the USSR and other Socialist countries and the CPSU and other parties; we were wrong in uncritically accepting everything Russia as ideal and above reproach; we were wrong in attacking our critics as agents of imperialism. Democracy won't flow *automatically* out of "socialised" property. We believe Socialism in India can be achieved without violence and civil war. . . . We hold that the Rakosi made many mistakes but that Soviet intervention though regrettable was justified etc.

*Dec. 21, 1956:* Chaudhari's seat would not be contested; that is the decision of the BPCC. That has Ganeshsuta and others worrying about theirs. To me even to harbour the desire that Congress should leave the seat, let alone try to persuade it to do, that is a great sin. But the opposition are a fake opposition; they are not ashamed to pray and beg! I shall not even hear of it. Anyway I am not at all bothered about my parliamentary future. My friends know best. To put me up merely to take advantage of my incarceration would be criminal. First we must have the minimum organizational base and support of public opinion.

What a pity the morale of the opposition is so poor!



*Dec. 22, 1956:* There is trouble again in Ahmedabad, what with tear gas and firing, Mr. Chavan has been physically assaulted. Let us hope our party will support the movement both in Gujarat and Maharashtra. That will force the govt.—provided it spreads—to concede a separate State to the Gujaratis.

With the 'Arabs' discussed Kashmir, unification of India and Goa. . .

*Dec. 23, 1956:* Prepared 'meetha chawal'; (today's watana was wonderful). Chawal without Keshar and kishmish is no real chawal, though. Manya who used to disturb my sleep has become well-behaved; he now goes out through the window after he has had enough of cozy comfort in the bed. . . .

As elections draw nearer, it is time for me to think of the fundamentals. What is the path for us? Can we defeat the Congress? Can we cut our way through the jungle of the fake-leftist parties? Do we have enough patience; do we have enough courage? Can we generate that magnetic force without which our party cannot become a mass party—a force which comes from utter selflessness, compassion and service? If we imbibe these virtues, then we have hope. . . .

*Dec. 24, 1956:* Completed before dinner the great work of Tulsidas—a few hours before the birth of Jesus; the compassionate and the loving avatar of West Asia.

*Ramayan* may be viewed as a mythical description of the movement of Aryanization of South India and the conquest and colonization of Lanka. Banaras and Bhalus may be taken as the aborigines who were won over by the colonisers—in the interest of the cause of Aryanization. Or it may be viewed as the symbolic representation of the hopes, the aspirations, the ideals, the values of the civilization as it matured in this sub-continent. Anyway *Ramcharitmanas* gives us some idea of 16th century Hinduism in North India. . .

Except a few Urdu words, I see no trace of the impact of Islam on the work. Tulsidas is concerned to establish the superiority of devotional religion over the Upanishadic, and Ram worship over all other forms of devotion, and to confirm and further enhance the position of dominance held by the Brahmins in the Hindu society. He is unashamedly in favour of keeping the *Shudra* "in his place"; his attitude to women is extremely intolerant and contemptuous. . .

It is full of repetitions, its imagery is conventional through and through. Nevertheless its literary merit is great. I had a feeling that

the intensity of his desire to portrait Ram as the incarnation of the supreme being sometimes detracts from its literary and dramatic worth. His description of Bharata and Kewat is moving. . . Ravana is poor. . . Places of real beauty: Shiv-Parvati Marriage, Ram in the city of Mithila, Kaikeyi-Manthara dialogue, Seeta requesting to send her to the forest, Bharata's wailing, Meeting of Kevat-Ram, Angad-Ravan Dialogue. . .

Dec. 26, 1956: No sleep till early hours of the morning, what with YO YOYO Mogan, Amche Goa, Ye Re, Ye Re Sayaba Maka Naka Go and other songs, the mass after midnight attended by a roommate. . . early morning cocoa with the neighbours, Father X'mas set up by No.7 (Father X'mas (mask) visited us in the morning), fine batatawadas from No. 3, 8-course dinner between 2.30 to 3.30. *Whiteinhos*, a spot of it! Dances and noise. . . In the evening were allowed to go to No.2. Fruit salad from No.4, mutton curry, puries from 7; heard Ishwarbhai's story, had an incomplete game of chess with Shirubhau. He had lost his queen and was on the run. . . Soldiers came and danced with the Father X'mas.

Fr. Carreno did not come, but sent ovaltine and biscuits on 24th.

Last night did not get good sleep or sufficient sleep rather. During the day felt sleepy. Could not read much. Read that *Mouj* article on *Bharat-mata behind the bars*.

C's letter came in the evening unexpectedly. She justly criticises me for drawing comparisons in the matter of writing letters. (With tai and bai). Says our chaps want to put me up for Centre and Dada for Assembly. (Avasare<sup>1</sup> wants C. to be put up. She might win but there are difficulties. . . )

But how many candidates shall we have in the Suburban Parliamentary constituency? Probably not more than 2, certainly not more than 3. That is the way to defeat. Of course I don't mind being defeated for the sake of the cause. But would not like the Party to modify the rules for my sake.

Dec. 29, 1956: Tannenbaum stresses the idealistic—equalitarian aspect of US foreign relations and deplores all departures from this 'traditional policy'. His picture is highly idealised; he forgets that legal equality, without approximation of military and economic power

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1. Dr. Vasant Avasare - Freedom fighter, Socialist friend, medical practitioner from Bombay.

(of the nation-states), cannot eliminate big power politics. The conduct of the US Government, like all other states, has been amoralist, although the element of idealism is undeniably there as was the case with the early Leninist foreign policy. . . . Why is it that the Atlantic states have more stable political structures, and, US foreign relations and alliances more durable foundations than the people's democracies and international relations within the Soviet bloc? Inspite of the tremendous economic achievements of Communism, the fact remains that the main prop of Communist society is not consent but coercion. This makes their political structures unstable and alliances shakey—especially in areas which have been forcibly torn from the Western society. Will the Soviets be able to evolve the variety, elasticity and resilience so characteristic of American foreign policy (and not the erratic departures from it)? Will the new Russo-Polish relations be stable? Will there be reconciliation between Yugoslavia and the Soviets? How will the Soviets extricate themselves from the Hungarian impasse? . . .

It is a pity that Mao's China and Nehru's India cannot put forward a rigorous programme of world government based on (1) national independence and equality, (2) representation based on both population and one nation one vote and (3) programme of development which will ensure equal returns to human labour as speedily as possible—not absolutely equal returns but approximate. . . .

More<sup>1</sup> has joined the Congress. To me it has long been evident that leftism of these people was spurious! Unless the Opposition provides an alternative non-Brahmin leadership they can have no chance against the Congress Party. Neither the PSP nor the CP have such leadership nor are their policies essentially different from those of the Congress. *We must plan our activities on the basis of this central political fact of Maharashtra.*

*Dec. 31, 1956:* I have just completed *Prehistoric India* which is an archaeological survey of India before the Vedic period i.e., 1500 B.C. Nothing remarkable, but good. . . .

In a few hours we shall enter the new year. One whole year has gone by. In early 1954 we were at the peak. Then began a year of

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1. Shankarrao More - Prominent Congress leader who formed Peasants and Workers Party. Later on rejoined the Congress. Was well conversant with the rules and regulations of the Parliament. Wrote a book on Parliamentary Rules.

conflict, controversy and the final break. . . Slowly the pattern re-emerged at the end of 1955. This year has seen many developments (a year which we have spent in this fort jail): Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin, the Reorganization of States in India, the nationalization of Suez, the aggression and the quickest withdrawal in recent history, the polish victory and Hungarian revolt and Indo-American compact or rather the first step towards it. What does the future hold? Will 1957 infuse stability in the Arab world and South East Asia? Will it herald a further loosening of the Soviet empire? Will it bring a resurgence of the Socialist forces in India? Will it see the coming of peace and freedom of Cyprus, Algeria and other colonial areas? And finally will the year 1957 enable me to pick up the broken threads and resume my work? . . .

A year in a small cell with companions of different persuasions is trying enough. I did not gainfully spend my first five months here, partly for want of books, partly due to carelessness. . . Never again must I allow relaxation to degenerate into idleness and futility. . .

New Year's Resolve: to learn French.

May I have the strength to carry it out. The fact that I have taken exercise regularly in the last four months gives me hope. . .

*Jan. 3, 1957:* The new year's eve and new year's day will long be remembered by many of us. Antone Vegias and Furtad came with cakes, cocoa and porte wine. The noise began an hour before they burnt the effigy of the old year and continued an hour or so afterwards.

Soup-cum-stew, duck and chicken and ham-becon sandwiches and a spot of porte that constituted our lunch. In the afternoon Cell No.4 came out with their fancy dresses on. A negro couple, the aged doctor, Mr. Ibrahim Khan, the priest, a bairagi (Karpe), a young jyotishi or Jan Sangh leader, a drunkard, a rapariga, an old woman; a two-faced man were some of the swangs! In the evening we went to No.2. They gave us tea, we gave them lemon squash and they offered coffee after dinner. Nanasaheb's Hulga was excellent. The chess match with Shirubhau was most uneventful. I beat him hollow, with 2 games in 50 minutes. He will stand 2 chickens! Got plenty of books and newspapers. . .

For the last fortnight I sleep late, usually have a long nap in the noon and afternoon. The vicious circle must be broken. Otherwise my French would interfere with my reading. . . I have started, though, my French lessons. Finished yesterday all the papers. . .

There is a slight nip only after midnight. The skyline is red in the mornings and evenings. And the noon was lovely today.

Got C's letter yesterday. She has gone off to the conference. V.K.K. Menon<sup>1</sup> would contest from the suburbs, says she. If it were within rules, it could be fun opposing that dear crony of the Pandit.

*Jan. 5, 1957:* Now that Anglo-French and Israeli troops are out of Egypt, what is the balance-sheet of the British-French adventure? (1) The British influence is gone; (2) America has thrown its "Protective Umbrella" over the area, thus effectively blocking Russia's entry into it.

Now will the US try to rehabilitate the British and prop up stooges or, partially at least, oppose the Egyptians? Nehru's policy was to accept the protective umbrella of the British, the result of the Nehru-Ike talks might well be to substitute the British for the Americans, provided the US do not actively back Pak and irritate India and Kashmir. There won't be any serious difference over China, for US policy towards as well as Nehru's love for it has changed.

All this talk of Soviet penetration is so much bunk—Anglo-French propaganda. When Communist countries are slipping out, is it sensible to expect the Arab nationalists to accept the Russian yoke? My belief is that the Russians and their system of foreign relations has sustained a major defeat. If, say, in 30, 40 years, the Russians succeed in catching up with the Americans in economic expansion, without letting their internal order to crack up during this period, then perhaps things might be different. But this long period conceals many secrets which we cannot know today and surely new powers like Canada, China, India and a German-dominated Western Europe will have arisen to limit the world power of US and counter that of Russia. A break-up might be in the interest of the West but not of India. India has reason to watch with apprehension China's activities in the vast Indo-Chinese peninsula. . .

I have these funny dreams in which some people point accusing fingers at me for my past friendship with the Poona leader. Does it mean that there is a nostalgic feeling somewhere in a corner of the subconscious? And which I am trying to root out? But my friends know how ruthless I can be where principles are concerned. I don't let the personal relations influence my political conduct.

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<sup>1</sup> V.K. Krishna Menon - India's Defence Minister who had to resign after the defeat in India-China War.

*Jan. 10, 1957:* I have sent consent letters to Madhav Ambe. But now I almost regret that I complied with his request. As I have written to C. Dada would be the proper candidate for the Assembly. If they want a sacrificial animal for Parliament, I am of course available. Without candidates at the Assembly level, what is the point in contesting the Parliament seat? I do not think the Centre would allow it.

When I embark on a certain project it be reading the Spengler Volumes, or Churchill's World War or French lessons, I become obsessed with it. And not till I have completed it, does the tension subside. I have completed *Vedic India*. I find the Vedic culture with its flexibility, social mobility, equal status of women attractive (as contrasted with the later rigidity and fossilization), although on the debit side must be entered excessive ritualism and superstition and absence of that subtle and profound philosophy and magnificent mythology which characterises the *Puranic Hinduism* of the later epochs.

I know that the Vedic Aryans were beef-eaters but they continued to be so right up to the Upanishadic period was revelation. I was also aware of the similarity between the Vedic language and ideology and that of the *Avesta* but did not know the resemblance was *so close*.

Also the existence of the Siwalik river system and its dismemberment following revelation. Altogether it has been worthwhile to read the Volume.

Ah! My French. How slowly I progress. I am already impatient.

*Jan. 15, 1957:* So Eden has gone for ever! The man who sought to overthrow Nasser has ended by overthrowing himself and the British position in Western and South Asia. But in his place has come not Butler but Macmillan. Perhaps the Suez group would have tolerated no other Prime Minister. They don't like the idea of elections for that would most probably install Gaitskell. . .

As I had predicted here long back, the Bombay PSP has walked out of the Samiti. They have refused to accept Dange. What a sorry pass has that party come to thanks to the leadership of its national and provincial saints. I do not conceal my joy at the break-up of this opportunist coalition. It was good that we came out of the Samiti months ago!

*Jan 20, 1957:* When I was strolling outside I became a bit sad. Formerly this eventide was an hour which always brought sad thoughts to my mind.

Last week received 7 letters. Now our people want me to stand from Banaras which they say is a safe seat. I do not like much the idea of migrating to other areas from one's own province!

*Jan. 21, 1957:* Today the Porya told us about the citizens being released. The news seems to have been confirmed by A. Patil whose wife came to interview him this afternoon.

This time the news seems to be not without foundation. How nice it would have been had they released us two months back. To go out now means jumping into the election campaign straightaway. Not a very pleasing prospect.

My French, it seems, has run into difficulties again. Obviously I cannot resume the studies outside!

Sometimes I am terribly annoyed with this day-long prattle which interferes with my reading. After all one needs a proper environment for every thing!

Today I got the books and papers sent by C. and Dandekar. But I am not given the 2nd plan. . . How irritating these things are!

*Mankind* Jan's 57 carries a note on foreign affairs, mentions me and others. In the context of the news given by the Porya sounds a bit sardonic.

That letter of Raghoba<sup>1</sup> is good! And poor Pandhari! His chances have been ruined by the Congress gerrymandering.

*Jan. 22, 1957:* The Egyptian came today, and confirmed the news of the amnesty. He said we would be set free within 10 days.

What next? The next two months would be election months. I hope the strict and cautious policy in regard to elections would save the Party from the repetition of the '52 disaster!

After that we must take up the work of organizing the Party in Maharashtra. I must atleast devote 15 days to touring, a week to Bombay and a week to reading and writing every month. I must take

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1. Raghoba Mhatre - A Socialist friend, who runs a press, was involved in the Baroda Dynamite case.

steps to cut down our standard of living. A revolutionary party makes heavy sacrifices on its members. Then I must check the extravagance of speech and avoid personal attacks etc! I must take part in struggles, if possible initiate one in our own province—in any case must go to jail *at least* once a year. . .

Then we must have a Marathi weekly to propagate our views. I don't think there is great scope for exploiting the existing ones. The PSP in our area with its forces and resources is a formidable opposition and we shall have to work hard to overcome it!

*Jan. 23, 1957:* . . . I somehow seem to evoke hostility. I feel a barrier shuts me off from due recognition. My name is avoided like a leper! I can imagine how Doctor must have felt during the last 10 years. I was aware of this resistance formerly, but after the 1954 controversy I have begun to realise it much more keenly. . . The super paralysed here also seem to regard me with apprehension! . . .

I did not get any sleep (before midnight) yesternight.

*Jan 25, 1957:* This suspense is proving tiresome and exhausting. Lack of sleep has caused pain in body. And my blasted bunk with its canvas and depressions has been giving me a lot of trouble too.

Leave taking is a painful affair. We have started distributing our "property".

Got C's letter yesterday. It seems that they are finalising my Assembly candidature. Even if we win, what can I do there? But that does not mean that migrating in search of a constituency is a proper thing!

We face three Congress dissidents, one Hindu Sabha and two PSPs. I told Shirubhau that for every deposit forfeited I would give Rs.10 and if our candidate should poll one vote less than the opposition candidate Rs.5 per candidate. He talked of our losing deposits in Bombay the other day but has not dared accept my bet! . . .

China's influence in Russia has not exercised in favour of more liberalisation. As a matter of fact that they have reinforced Stalinism.

Our friends from the animal world have started coming to our door, as if they have instinctively felt that we would be departing soon. That Manya is cunning but also very timid. You just say up! and he would fly away with all speed. And that cat which we thought was Ranboka has become our regular visitor for the last month or so. . .



Since October C's letters have been full of vivacity and optimism!

Jan. 29, 1957: Amnesty has proved illusive. . . A week has gone by and we are still here!

Somehow I wake up in the early hours of the morning. I would like an early end to this suspense. . . That I get sound sleep in the earlier part of night is no small mercy.

The news about Kashmir (10 for and Soviet abstention in Security Council) has disturbed me greatly. Nehru continually talks about India's growing international prestige and yet he could not get one nation to support his stand. He has bungled in Kashmir, he still fumbles in Goa. What would be history's verdict on him 25 years hence?

I have no news about the elections. My roommate says that we shall be contesting 50 Parliament and about 400 Assembly seats. The PSP is like the Maratha confederacy in its most decadent phase: the Central decision is completely lacking. It won't survive as a party beyond 1962. Meanwhile we must show perseverance, courage and agility. . .

I do not know what decision they have taken about my candidature. These shifts have unnecessarily involved me in anxiety. It would have been much better to keep my name out of it. There is enough work outside the legislatures. And who can say that I would win?

We are on hand to mouth basis. All our routine was disrupted. And now our period of stay continues to grow. What a pitiable spectacle do we constitute!. . . Guards have become strict. Sent a message to No.4, saying good bye!

Read Birdwood's Kashmir. That nostalgia for the past is there on every page. They want it as their "Kuran". Nothing new. . .

Also finished Nuske's: *Underdeveloped Countries*". Emphasises "saving."

"India: 1956", gave me some useful information.

Lohia proclaimed the establishment of the new party on 24th August at Allahabad, it seems (from this volume).

Lalukhan never believed in monogamy. He married three brides in quick succession, but alas! One died soon after, the other miscarried and out of jealousy killed all the five pups of the third one!

*Feb. 1, 1957:* No letters and no firm date of release yet. Day before came officers and that Italian "journalist" whom I had turned out at Altinho. They all say: "in a few days"!

Read *Economist*, *Guardian*, *Time* and *Karachi Times*. Akalis have started quarrelling with the Congress again and the paralysed have found in the Malabar Muslim League a bed fellow! These parties of the opposition!!

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## A Reminiscence of the Goa Liberation Movement

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The decision to participate in the Goa Liberation movement began to take shape in my mind in the first fortnight of May 1955. I was much disgusted by the attitude and actions of the PSP cooperationists in Bombay led by Asoka Mehta. The fact that Asoka had articulated the young Socialists' ardent desire to leave the Congress and start an independent existence and the complete about turn effected by him after his own defeat in the parliamentary election and the general massacre of our Parliament and Assembly candidates made me extremely unhappy as well as indignant. It was on the May Day—which also happens to be my birthday—that the thought had suddenly crossed my mind as to whether it would not be a proper thing for me to participate in the Goa struggle? Dr. Rammanohar Lohia was the pioneer of the freedom struggle in Goa. Now that the struggle had been renewed—in fact it had been revived in 1954—and N.G. alias Nanasaheb Goray and others had decided to join it, can people like me—admirers of Lohia—keep away from it? Whatever be the motives and methods of Goa National Congress President Peter Alvares and Co.—I disliked their dancing to the tune of the Prince Charming and letting the movement be exploited by him for his own ends—the men and women who were taking part in it such as Anthony D'souza, Sudha Joshi and others were genuine men and women. Must I not show solidarity with them? That is how the new wheel of thought started revolving in my mind.

In the next two weeks, the Party controversy assumed a disgusting form, and the debate in my mind began to take a definite shape. 15 May was our third wedding anniversary. That day my mind was made up. The two of us went out to the beach, and I communicated my decision to her. What a wedding present! Champa, I must say, was brave and did not raise any objection. And so I decided to go.

Acharya Narendra Deva bore great love for Keshav Gore and me. He was suspicious about the motives of P.T. (Purshottam Tricumdas), Asoka and others. Although he maintained cordial relations with Jawaharlal, he never allowed the Prime Minister to exploit him. He was not a cooperationist. He had advised JP against talks with Nehru in 1953. He was much annoyed with the KMPP merger as well as Asoka's Backward Economy thesis. He conveyed his suspicions about the Bombay group to Keshav Gore, and also wrote to me. If the NE had authorised him, he would have without doubt revoked my suspension. Then I would have gone to Goa in peace. But Asoka made it a prestige issue. Acharyaji was influenced by JP's stand who was cut up—and personally hurt—over Lohia's opposition to cooperationism and his abrasive methods of controversy. Narendra Deva completely disagreed with JP's *bhoodan* and *Sarvodaya* philosophy. But he would not take an open stand against JP. One thing led to another. The UP Party rebelled. Narendra Deva was enraged. Action was taken against Lohia at Jaipur. Narendra Deva was against it, but others prevailed. We heard the news at S.M.'s place on 22 July. He said: "Everything is over." His mind was obviously made up. His sympathy for me dried up. He suppressed his hostility to P.T.—Asoka etc. He not unexpectedly threw in his lot with the two senior leaders—Narendra Deva and J.P. N.G. Goray had already done this.

The Party controversy only strengthened my resolve. Since I was going away to Goa the Asoka group could have shown a bit of magnanimity and given authority to ND to decide the issue. But there was not a shred of generosity in these cooperationists.

N.G. Goray was given a grand send off. he talked in a couple of public meetings about a short and swift struggle: back home by next Dipawali! I did not share his non-serious approach. The Portuguese authorities, however, treated him and Senapati Bapat brutally. Except Nanasaheb the rest were externed. Shirubhau Limaye led the next batch. And so the tempo of the struggle increased day by day. In June 1955 from the Goa Vimochan Samiti sources in Poona I heard that N.G. Goray had written out a telegram and had handed it over to the Portuguese authorities, for transmission to Jayantarao Tilak. I never knew whether the telegram reached him. Independently also I heard from sources in touch with our Consulate in Goa about it. I did not like NGG's attitude. Gandhiji used to say: "A civil resister *once* inside a prison is to be held civilly dead. His opinions have no value. He should desist from conveying them."

After two batches under N.G. Goray and Shirubhau Limaye, Socialist leaders, leaders of other parties—CPI (Rajaram Patil), the Jan Sangh (Jagannathrao Joshi) and the RSP (Tridib Chowdhary)—were given a chance to lead the satyagraha. My turn was to come thereafter.

In July, with the increasing humidity, my travels and the unbearable tension caused by the rift in the Party, my asthma became worse. I was to leave on 23 July for Poona. There would be a send off function in Poona. From there we would go to Aronda. The satyagrahis were to assemble there and enter the Goan territory in the night of 24 July. But all the satyagrahis did not arrive in time. I was running high temperature on the eve of departure for Poona. Medicines did not help much. My Asthma was also giving me a lot of trouble. Many people had been pleading with me that I should cancel going to Goa. I resolutely brushed aside these suggestions. A kindly doctor in Aronda—A Socialist sympathiser—seeing my resolve and my pitiable condition gave me an injection and some tablets, forced me to eat and put me to bed. I slept soundly and woke up in the evening. I joined the assembled satyagrahis who were having their dinner. I also had a light supper.

We crossed the Terekhol creek. While boarding the boat I stepped on a blade-shaped rock and inadvertently cut my foot. Then commenced our night-long trek through the jungle with a guide. He misled us and the walk continued till the day break. The condition of my left foot was very bad. It bled and became swollen. One comrade, Ibrahim, from Marathwada had applied some yunani medicine—Zinda Tilismat. It gave some little relief. But really not much.

As we neared Perne, we sighted some police jeeps. The police forces soon surrounded us and started beating us mercilessly. A hefty policeman asked me to get into his van and kicked me in the stomach. The pain was unbearable. By an effort of will I jumped into his van. They took us to the local Police Headquarters. They made the satyagrahis sit on the broad steps in two rows. The police also formed into two batches and attacked the two rows of satyagrahis with lathis and rubber truncheons. Many resisters bore the beating bravely, some cried out in pain. Then they took us inside a room where a doctor— or may be he was a compounder—applied an iodine-like thing to our wounds. Then the beating commenced again. The Portuguese policemen's wives had collected on the adjoining lawn and were shouting hoarsely, egging their men to beat us. How cruel women can be

sometimes, I reflected sadly. When they took us inside for application of iodine again, I angrily told the Police Chief to stop this farce of first aid. "Beat us as much as you like. After you are satisfied then give us first aid."

My outburst put the Chief of the Police to shame and the beating stopped. All the satyagrahis, except me, were bundled into a waiting truck and the truck sped away. "Where are you taking them? To jail"? I asked. The police chief sarcastically said: "We have no space. We don't intend to feed them. They will be taken to the border and, after another thrashing, will be driven away."

I was taken to the lock-up inside the Police Headquarters. It was raining heavily. The rain came through the iron bars. The floor was wet. My body was aching. The clothes were torn and bloodied. I was damn tired. And then a miracle happened. As soon as I stretched myself on the wet floor, sleep stole over me. I slept soundly even in that terrible physical condition. I was woken up by the sound of the opening of a door and the crying of a man. When I opened my eyes, I saw Kaka Deshmukh, leader of Aurangabad batch, which had accompanied me on the night trek into Goa. The policemen slapped him, and he cried loudly. Then they left. I asked Kaka: "Why are you crying"? He said: "If I cry, they will not beat me, out of pity." I said: "This is not proper. You keep quiet. If you cry, they will beat you more. They have perverted minds. They are drunk." He said: "They are asking me whether I am commandant of the Aurangabad batch. (The Aurangabad Radio had announced his name as Leader). I had said, No, I am not. I told them that Madhu Limaye is Leader of both the batches! They will come and ask you. Say yes, so that they will not detain me." I was angry. But I kept quiet. After sometime the Police Chief came with some men and asked Kaka Deshmukh: "Are you also a Commandant"? Kaka vigorously said, "No, No." And then pointing to me, he said, "He is the Commandant, not me"! I took pity on him, and did not contradict him. He was taken away and externed.

From Perne, an escort took me to Mhapse Police Headquarters. The police officers abused me and one or two kicked me. One chap even spat at me. I invoked the Mahatma's face, and kept absolutely quiet. Then the new police escort put me on a boat. The jutting tongue of the sea or creek was extremely choppy. It was raining. I said: "Could you give me some water to drink"? "No, this is Goa. Only Cognac, no *aqua*, no water. If you want water there is plenty in the sea, drink it." There was no way to soften the brutes. So I suppressed

my thirst.. On to the main Police Headquarters. There were lots of people in different uniforms: Blue and Khaki. My bloodstained clothes somehow excited their deep savage instincts. Two blue uniformed men gave me kicks. Protest was of no use. Language was a complete barrier to communication. Finally, they walked me to the Armoury or Guard Room and left. Uniformed men came in twos and threes, after duty hours, to deposit their arms. Seeing me sitting there, they became hostile and held out a menace. They would poke my chest with their weapons: "*Satyagrahi*"! There was murder in their eyes. More than the excruciating pain in the body, this continuous torture was insufferable. A Goan Policeman in the Armoury seemed to be a nice fellow. With two fingers on his lips, he gestured vigorously. He really signalled me to keep quiet. By 7.30 p.m. the ordeal was over. The Goan policeman asks me: "Have you any money? I will get you something to eat. You must be hungry." My wallet had been seized. But I had in my pyjama pocket a couple of crumpled notes. I fished out a note and gave it to him. He went out and got me some potato *sabzi* and two slices of bread. And also a cup of tea. Thus I assuaged my hunger. And also my thirst with that cold cup of tea! Ultimately, an Indo-Portuguese, a (a *Mestizo* or of mixed parentage) police officer, came in and took me away. On the way he said to me in a threatening tone: "Goa no place for politique. Today you rest. Tomorrow we come back and give you a good thrashing"! He opened the barred door of a Cell. Jagannathrao Joshi of the Jan Sangh was inside. He welcomed me. "I was waiting for you since yesterday evening. I was wondering what had happened to you". He gave me a pair of clean kurta and pyjama. (He himself wore dhoti). I have kept it for you." It was very considerate of him to do that. A change was what I needed above everything else. I changed my soiled and stained clothes. When I took off my torn kurta and pyjama, Jagannath Rao was astonished to see the condition of my back and legs. There were contusions and bruises all over. He said: "I have also been beaten, and my finger has become slightly twisted. But your condition is terrible"! He offered me his wooden plank, and unrolled his own *dari* on the floor. I slept soundly in the night. But Joshi told me the next day that I was obviously in great pain and was making a moaning sound. I was kept in his cell for two or three days only. In the morning they took us to the well where we saw N.G. Goray and Shirubhau being escorted back to their Cell after bath. We saw from a distance Sudhatai Joshi and Sindhu Deshpande. We hailed each other. The water level in the well was so high that we could fetch water

from it with a bucket. Joshi fetched water for me and I bathed. But the injuries continued to cause great pain. A doctor came, applied some medicine. Then I was taken to an office for finger prints etc.

Next day morning Shiru was able to talk to me when the police were looking the other way. He bitterly complained to me about "Nanu's (NGG)'s telegram" and his "general attitude." "I almost threatened him and warned him not to do anything without my consent," Shiru told me.

The new cell is crowded. Full of mosquitos, bugs and lice. I tell stories to the young Goan prisoners in the evening. They enjoyed the tales from the Arabian nights. The police come to fetch Goan Youths. They take them to the torture room. The cries disturb our sleep. I am full of compassion. Although they threatened me on the first two days to beat me up again, they, in fact, did not do so. There was no need for torture, for ours was an open *satyagraha*. The Goan prisoners they were torturing to extract information about the supporters of the violent groups.

On the First of August (1955) the Indian Consul Mani, came over to the Headquarters to visit me. I told him the whole story. He had probably received a telegram from Champa. I told him about my requirement of tooth brush, paste and soap. Also some clothes. I requested him to inform Champa telegraphically that I was "all right." Mani told me about the telegram on suspension of *satyagraha* which N.G. Goray had asked the Portuguese to send. He was obviously displeased. I made no comment.

On 2 August the weather was stormy. It rained the whole day without a stop. Pain, No sleep.

On 3 August we were removed from the Central Police Headquarters. We were kept in a new Hospital building on the Altinho (a hill) turned into a temporary jail. Next day afternoon (4 August) I was surprised by the visit of the Chief-du-Cabinet (Chief Secretary) to the Governor-General. He inquired about my health and told me that news of my death as a result of savage beating by the Portuguese had appeared in the Indian press. I told him to transmit a message about my being "safe, hale and hearty" to Champa. I worried no end about her. She must have been totally shaken by the "terrible news." The lot of political prisoners' wives is truly pitiable.

The prisoners' wives worried no end about the lot of their husbands in prison. On them now developed the responsibility of



running the household and of raising the children. Most freedom fighters' economic condition is pitiable. Their wives are therefore subjected to great hardship and also mental torture. To interview their husbands in Goa, with the disruption of all direct rail and road connections, the prisoners' wives have to undergo a veritable ordeal. Friends and members of the general public extended a sympathetic hand, and that is some solace. My wife, particularly, has to carry trunk loads of books, for my demands are extremely taxing.

The notorious police officer Montero (a Mestizo) came to see me some hours after the visit of the Chief-du-Cabinet. My injuries had not yet healed. He looked at me and roguishly said: "You entered Goa a day after the announced date. I was not on duty then. If I had been there, I would have thrashed you even more severely. That would have cooled your revolutionary ardour." Obviously he was pleased with his brutal utterance. He laughed heartily. Montero was a queer chap. Within minutes his face changed. With a warmth in his tone, he began to show solicitude for my health. "I learn you are an asthmatic. You take good care of your health. I shall send you a Doctor." And really an old experienced Doctor—a scion of a very old Goan Catholic family—came and examined me. He gave me some tablets.

N.G. Goray also had a similar experience. He was much puzzled by Montero's eccentric behaviour. After brutally handling him and Senapati Bapat, Montero took out his cigarette case, fished out two cigarettes, offered one to N.G. Goray and put the other one in his mouth. Nanasahab asked him in astonishment: "Only a few minutes before you beat us without mercy, and now you offer me a cigarette! What does this mean?" Montero said: "That was my duty as police officer. That is over. Now I offer you a cigarette as one man to another."

The apparently crazy attitude of many Portuguese Officers could be explained in terms of their Latin culture. They were not devoid of human feelings and did not mind showing it. The Anglo-Saxons were wholly different.

I was kept in solitary confinement in a room 8 by 8 feet. I was locked up the whole day. Only twice they took me out for my morning and evening chores and for bath—in all for 30 minutes! Outside my room hung a small board: *Incommunicado*—incommunicable. I received lot of books from N.G. Goray and the Consul. The wounds are healing, but the itching of the body is terribly irritating. There was a visible

change in the policemen's attitude after the *Chef-du-Cabinet's* visit. They now treat me with great deference!

On 12 August I was taken out. I found seated in a room with N.G. Goray and Shirubhau. Some foreign correspondents came to see us. I was sitting between the two. When Nanaseheb was talking to the reporters Shirubhau again denounced NGG. I anxiously asked him: "Has he made a new move?" He said, "No, he has not. But he talks about the futility of this all." I was not much inclined to talk to the Foreign Correspondents. I talked to a woman correspondent—was it Taya Zinkin?—and exchanged a few words with her. When Shirubhau was talking, NGG turned to me and said: "Have you heard of the inhuman sentence imposed by the Portuguese Tribunal on Sudha Joshi? What should we do?" I said, "We had entered Goa with open eyes. So the only course for us is to bear our lot stoically." Goray said: "You are right."

The authorities took me out again—on 14 August, that is a day before the scheduled mass *satyagraha*—to meet the Correspondent of *The News Chronicle*. She told me that news about my death in Portuguese captivity had been published in some newspapers on 3 August—she mentioned *The Evening News*—later Champa told me that the *Lokamanya* had published the news with a banner headline—and said there was some commotion over it. Some MPs, including Asoka Mehta, questioned the Prime Minister 'in Parliament,' about it. She did not tell me whether the matter was raised in the Lok Sabha or the lobbies or the PM's office. Nehru made inquiries. This explains the visit of the Portuguese *Chef-du-Cabinet* in Goa.

I was one day taken to the office of the International Police. I was intrigued by the adjective "International". I learnt that it meant the Portuguese Empire Police as distinguished from the local police. I was produced before the officer-in-charge of investigation. They made me stand before him. I waited for a minute. Then I literally roared. "You had beaten me on my entry into Goa. That is all right. But what is the matter now? You don't even have the decency to ask me to sit down? Is that an expression of your Latin civilization?" The Officer was flabbergasted by my attack. He apologised profusely. Thereafter he was very friendly. Gave me good tea, quietly recorded my statement and then said: "Good Bye!"

The life in the little cell was boring. I read all the time. I did some exercise also. There never were opportunities to meet other prisoners.

I sometimes heard them singing in their rooms English and Konkani songs. On 3 November I was produced before the Military Tribunal. "You will be allowed to give defence. You can engage a lawyer. Or this gentleman here will plead your case. You can produce witnesses. I replied, "I don't want to offer any defence. I stand by my statement before the police."

I wished to be finished with the whole damn farce of "a fair trial." The Salazar regime wanted to tell the Western World that the trial was fair and "the due process" was meticulously observed!

I learnt there was a discussion among the Indian satyagrahis about offering defence. The Goa Vimochan Sahayak Samiti advised the satyagrahis to give defence. They also engaged a lawyer called Kesaron. He was a lover of alcohol. I found him always drunk. The idea of defence in a satyagraha was extremely repugnant to me. I outright rejected it. Kesaron and the Portuguese officers used to press me: "You might be transported to Angola or Portugal, if you don't defend yourself. I said: "I don't care, whether I am kept here or sent away." I stuck to my guns.

My comrades who offered defence did not get a lighter sentence.

On 6 January my case came up before the Tribunal. The Bench consisted of one Civilian judge and two military officers in their resplendent uniform. They asked me: "Do you want this advocate to plead your case?" "No thank you. I don't recognise the Portuguese authority in Goa. The territory is a part of India." I said The Tribunal was scandalised by my reply. The Civilian Judge got up and the officer-members took out their swords. The whole action was calculated to overawe me. But I was only amused. The Court adjourned for a few minutes. Then they came back to the Court room and took their seats. The sentence of 10+2 years was read out. Then the Court rose. The same ritual was enacted, unsheathing of words and uttering of military commands in Portuguese etc. The cheap drama was over in a few minutes and I was taken back to my cell on the Altinho.

On 7 January they gave me a surprise, ended my solitary confinement and put me in the same cell as NGG and Shirubhau. I spent only five days with my seniors in the Socialist Movement and the Party. We talked a lot, with Shiru, especially, I had a more intimate discussion. I avoided current politics, Party affairs and the

split. Shiru is not an intellectual. He does not have much of a formal education. But he is a man of action and quite *tough*. NGG is highly educated, an intellectual, a good speaker and commands a good literary style. But inside him, I think, there is some weakness. He is not a man of strong will. I pity that an otherwise gifted man should lack this quality. S.M. (Joshi) is superior in this respect.

On 12 January 1956 we were transferred to Aguada Military Jail. Nice view of the open sea. The sea presents a different picture now. It is rough and angry again. In the monsoon days—during high tides on Amavasya and Purnima—wave after wave dashes against the low fort wall, and the white surf rushes through the gaps left in the wall for the placement of guns, and floods the courtyard in front of our cells. I sit on my cot near the door, read and for hours watch the flow and ebb of the turbulent sea. I had last seen the choppy sea when we crossed the creek to go to Panjim from the Mapuca side on 26 July 1955. But I was separated from NGG and Shiru. My companions are Jagannath Rao and Rajaram of the CPI. Jagannath Rao is a nice, cheerful fellow. He gets up early, sings Shankaracharya's *Bhaja Govindam* and other stotras. He likes sweets. NGG and Shiru have Tridib and Ishwarlal Desai as their cell-mates.

The question of appeal came up. The G.V.S.S. pressed the satyagrahis to go in for appeal. Kesaron also wanted me to fall in line. But I was absolutely inflexible on this point.

One day all my comrades were taken to the Appellate Tribunal. When J. Joshi returned, I noticed he was very sad. I asked him: "What happened?" "Madhubhau, you were right in refusing to appeal against your sentence. They insulted us. They asked us: "If you don't recognise our sovereignty over Goa and our laws, why have you come in for appeal"? It would have been better if we had decided against an appeal."

Their appeals, of course, were rejected. I was right in following the Gandhian principles in the matter of civil disobedience. It was in Goa that I have realised how profoundly Gandhi has transformed my life, how deeply he has shaped my personality and will.

It is a pity that our comrades here continue to look to the Prime Minister for rescuing them from this captivity. The attitude of Jawaharlal Nehru towards Goa has been, I think, curious, if not downright hypocritical. He dismissed the problem in 1946 as "a pimple on the face of India" which would disappear without a struggle

or surgery. He has been strutting on the international stage these last few years decked out in the plumage of peace. But his claim as peace maker is bogus, for the Indian state has used force both in Kashmir, whose Maharaja had acceded to the Union as well as in Hyderabad where ruler had refused to do so. And yet he maintains that the methods other than peaceful must be ruled out completely. The use of force in Goa would mean giving up the whole roots of our policies and our behaviour.

I would rather die here than approach Prime Minister Nehru for intervention.

In this captivity also I am consuming a vast amount of books on Economics, Philosophy, History, Politics and International Affairs. Besides I have also read many literary works in English. I have made a careful study of Hindi devotional poetry—Meera, Tulsi etc., especially Tulsi's *Ramacharitamanas*. I was eighteen when my first long war time imprisonment commenced, and twenty-one when the second detention started. In the interval I have achieved a more mature understanding, and so the stuff that I read (at the age of 33-34) now, I can absorb better.

The atmosphere in Aguada Fort is altogether different from that in the Headquarters and Altiono. The military personnel is recruited from the common people. Perhaps, there is conscription in Portugal. The Portuguese are a warm-hearted people. What strikes one is their freedom from racial prejudice. In their warmth and race attitude they are wholly different from the Anglo-Saxons. Their discipline is lax. However, they keep us locked up the whole day, except for the bath. For bathing we are taken down to a spring along with NGG, Tridib, Shiru and Ishwarbhai. They don't encourage conversation amongst us. They ritualistically shout: "No falar Don't talk!" But I think they really don't care.

Father Carreno, a Catholic priest of the Don Bosco Institute, comes to see us often. He lavishes his love on me and brings me *The Economist*, *Time* and other magazines. He is a Spaniard and animated by true Christian charity.

— Madhu Limaye

**Fort du Aguada****Defence of Goray and (SP) Limaye  
Permission Granted to Indian Lawyer**

Saturday 23 July

**From Our Special Correspondent.**

New Delhi, Friday, The Portuguese Government, it is learnt, has agreed to allow an Indian lawyer to enter Goa and assist the local lawyer in his private capacity to defend N.G. Goray and Mr. (SP) Limaye, PSP leaders who offered satyagraha in Goa and who are to be tried by a military tribunal.

The Indian Consul-General in Goa had written to the Portuguese authorities to provide facilities to two Indian lawyers, to enter Goa to defend Mr. Goray and Mr. (SP) Limaye.

**Brutal Treatment to Satyagrahis: Madhu Limaye Detained**

Aronda (Goa Border) July 26—Some of them limping, some others with faces covered with blood, the 11th batch of Indian volunteers who crossed into Goa last night walked back into the Goa National Congress Camp here today.

Thrashed and beaten brutally the volunteers staggered back on the Indian border in heavy rains at noon and were picked up at the border near here.

Their leader, the Praja Socialist rebel, has been detained in Goa, the volunteers reported. They said Mr. Limaye who was suffering from asthma and cough, was also not spared and beaten brutally at the Pernem police headquarters.

The blood on their faces, they added, was the cruel work of thick batons of the Portuguese police—PTI.

**Lok Sabha Debates (Columns 9219-20)**

Thursday 4 August 1955

The Minister of Home Affairs Pandit G.B. Pant made a statement on Goa in the absence of the Prime Minister for “unavoidable reasons” and spoke of new evidence of “the brutal methods employed by the Portuguese against peaceful satyagrahis”. He said the

Government are in "constant touch" with their Consul General and are considering what further steps they should take."

*Shri N.V. Gadgil (Poona Central):* May I ask a question whether the Government are aware about another man who is already in Goa custody, whether he is alive or something wrong. . . .

*Mr. Speaker:* No questions ordinarily on a statement.

Friday 5, August 1955

*(Hindustan Times)*

### **Limaye's Condition Better**

A telegram received in New Delhi on Thursday from the Indian Consul-General in Goa seemed to indicate that there was no cause for anxiety about the condition of Mr. Madhu Limaye, who is in a Portuguese prison in Goa.

Mr. Limaye's head injuries had healed and he was in good health when the Consul-General met him on August 1.

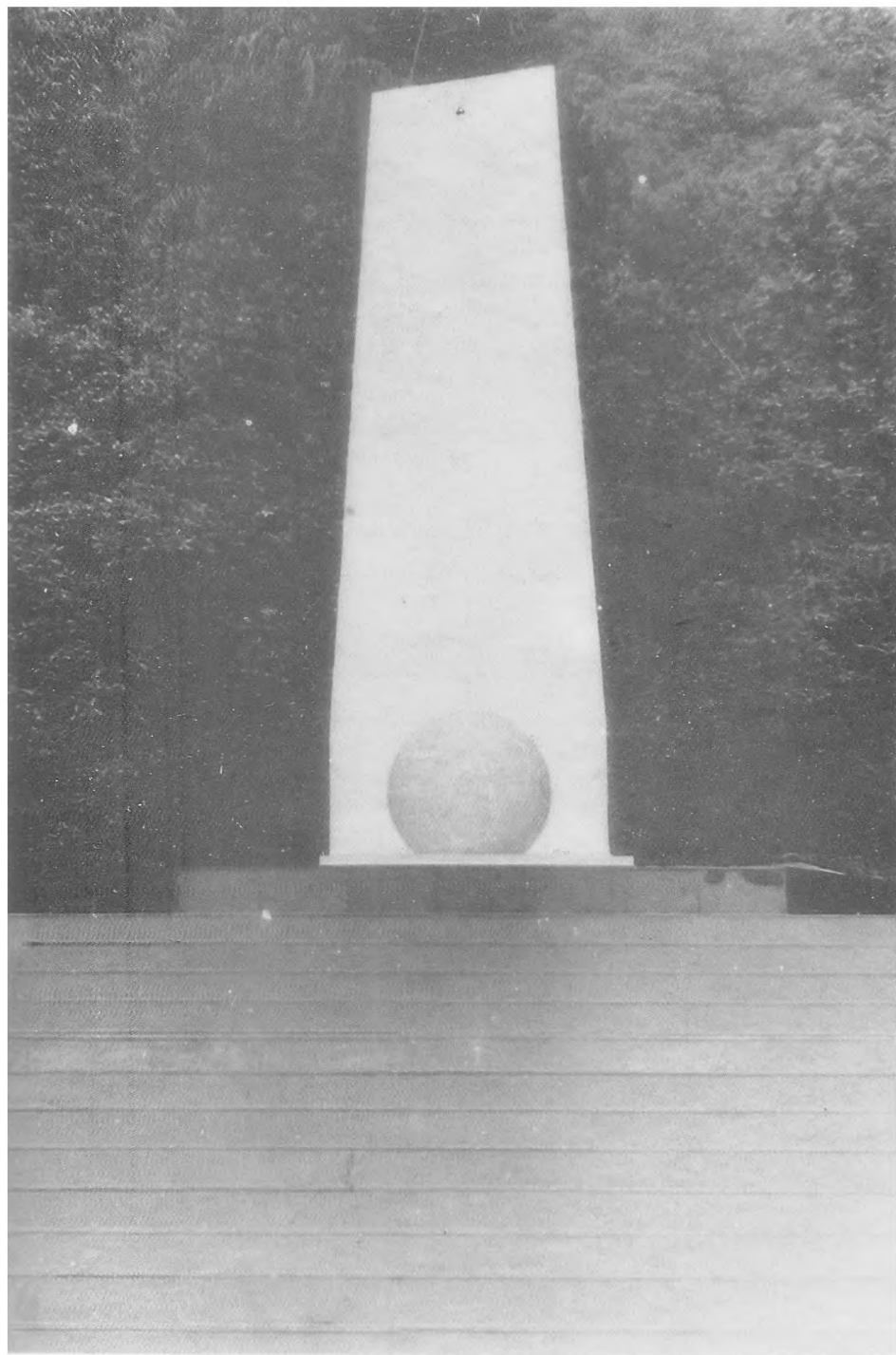
Disquieting rumours about Mr. Limeye which had been circulating in the lobbies on Wednesday (3 August 1955) had greatly disturbed members of the Lok Sabha and they had approached the Prime Minister to make inquiries. An immediate telegram was sent to the Consul-General who stated in his reply that at an interview he had with Mr. Limaye on August 1, he found Mr. Limaye in good health. *The Consul-General promised to make further enquiries.*

The text of the Consul-General's telegram was shown by the Home Minister in the lobbies to Mr. N.V. Gadgil who had tried unsuccessfully to refer to the matter on the floor of the House.

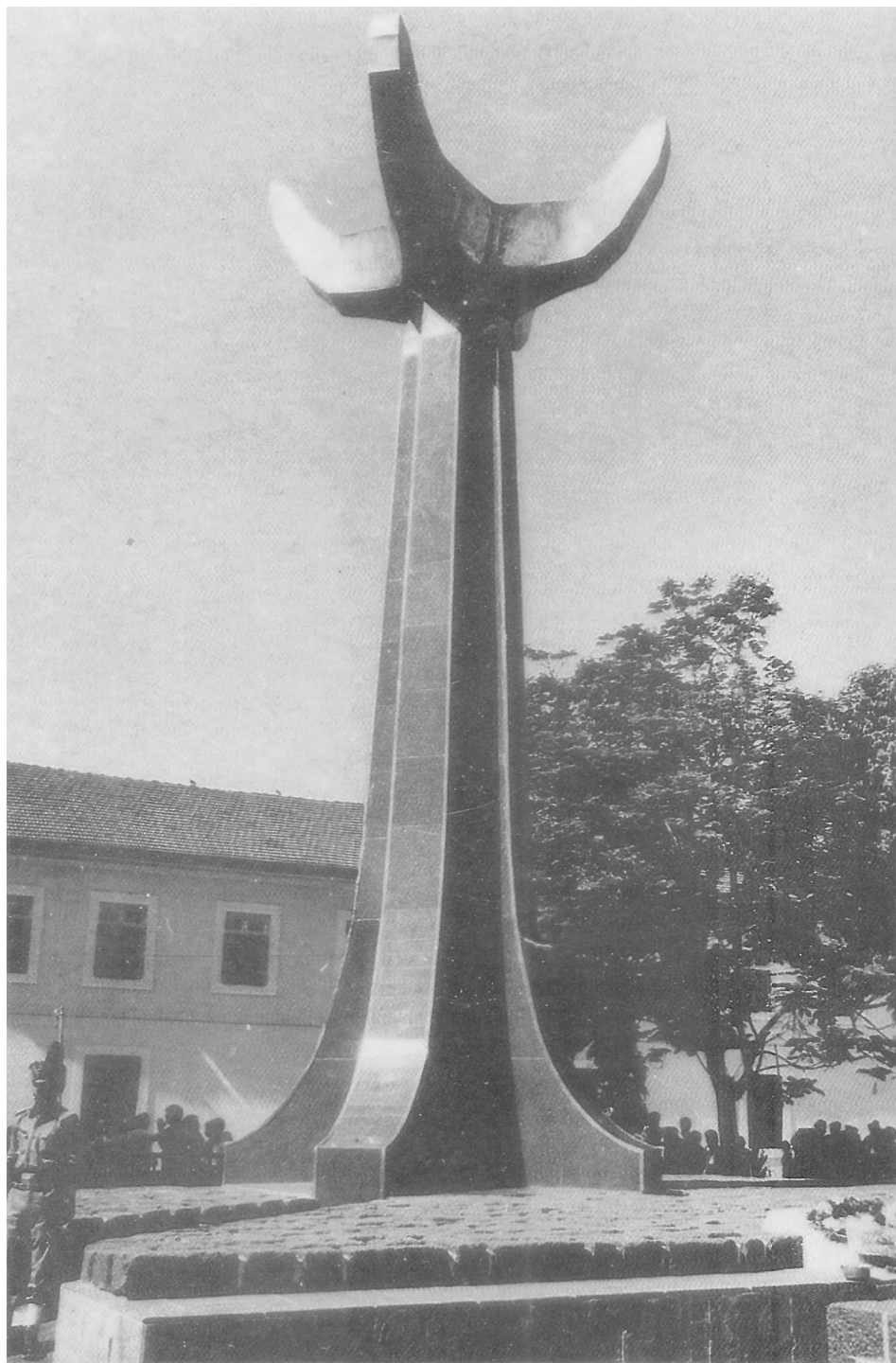
The previous message from Consul-General, received on August 1 stated as follows: We interviewed Mr. Madhu Limaye, Mr. Raja Ram Patil and Mr. Jagannath Rao Joshi on Monday. All are in good health and Mr. Limaye's injury on head has healed up. Mr. Limaye has had no asthma since coming to Goa. (PTI).



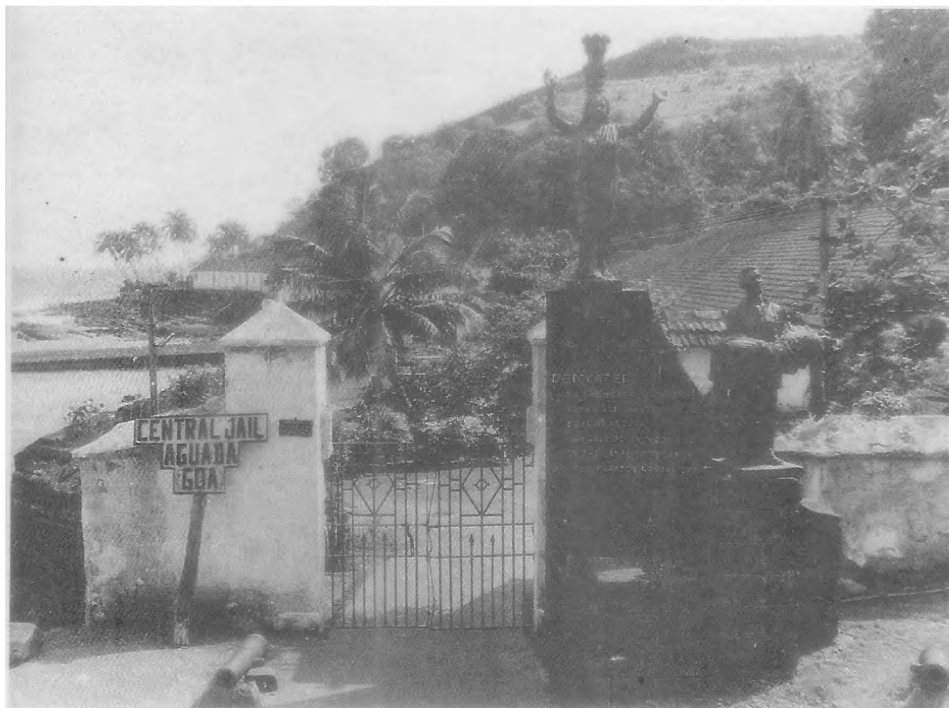




Martyrs Memorial at Patradevi Goa - Maharashtra Border.



Martyrs Memorial at Panaji - Goa.



Entrance of Fort Aguada Jail.



Terekhol Fort.



Shri Madhu Limaye Freedom Fighter and Socialist Leader is seen planting a Royal Palm Sapling at Cabo Raj Niwas, on June 19, 1986. Lt. Governor, Dr. Gopal Singh and Smt. Limaye are seen watching on.

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## Letters to Aniruddha (To Dear Popat)

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Dear Tiny Tiny Pats,

Our motherland became an independent country 14 years ago. The rule of the White British came to an end and the rule by our own people began. But Goa, although a part of our motherland, remained under foreign control. In order to free this part, Dr. Rammanohar Lohia (our Popat's Dr. uncle) started an agitation in 1946. This agitation received momentum again in 1954-55. Thousands of sons of our soil plunged into it. Many had to undergo imprisonment for about twelve years or more. One of them was Popat's Bhai(Father). In the past, too, the British had shut him in a cage on a number of occasions. But Popat was not born then.

After celebrating Popat's first birthday, his Bhai left for Goa. Popat then was a tiny toddler. But it is difficult to understand how he realised that his Bhai was about to leave him for a distant place and that he would not meet him for a long time. For he did not sleep at all on the previous night of Bhai's departure. He kept playing with Bhai. On the following day when he had to say 'Ta-ta' to Bhai he felt very sad. His eyes were filled with tears. Bhai used to send letters to Popat, from Goa jail and I used to read out those letters to him. It he happened to comprehend any part of these letters he would dance with joy. Popat went twice to Goa to meet Bhai. In 1957 Bhai was freed and so he returned to play with him.

Popat dearly loves the letters written to him by Bhai. You, too, will like them. Therefore we are compiling them into a small book. Popat's Gorekaka has drawn beautiful illustrative pictures for him to enjoy. They will surely gladden your tiny hearts.

Popat's Ai

## Letter No. I

Fort Aguada,  
Goa.

29th February 1956.

My dear Aniruddha,

Everyone writes letters to your 'Ai' and Dhatai<sup>1</sup>. But no one writes any letter to you because you are so small. So your Bhai thought over it and decided that he should write to his dear Popat himself. But though Popat has learnt to prattle can he read? Hence your 'Ai' will read out this letter to you. You can read it when you grow up.

Popat, you are always in my thoughts. But you have forgotten your Bhai. I was lodged on a high hill-top called 'Altinho'. A Kaw (crow) used to come there. I would give him a biscuit, a bread and say, "Kaw, Kaw, my Popat stays at Khar in Mumbai. Fly, Fly away to him and tell him that "your Bhai remembers you. Come to meet him in Goa." But Kaw was quite sly. He would eat the biscuit, eat the bread and say, "I am not going to Popat. I am not going to give your message" and then suddenly soar off. After a while a hen and her seven chicks used to come there. Four of the chicks were white like you and three were black like Bhai. Like Popat the hen and her chicks relished fish. I would give them two or three bits of fish and say, "Hen, Hen, walk, walk and reach Mumbai, meet Popat and say to him, "Bhai remembers you very much. Go by Pumpum car and Zuk Zuk train to Goa and meet Bhai." But the hen was quite crafty. She would eat the fish and run away. Here, I have been awaiting your arrival every day. I had a chocolate, biscuits and cakes with me. But you did not come even after everything was over. After a few days I received a letter from your Ai. There were two photos of Popat in the envelope. One was with a jacket on, which was very cute. Popat appeared impish in the other one. Bhai loves Popat's photos and likes to look at them again and again.

Popat's mother has written a beautiful appraisal of Popat in her letter. She says he wears his suit and shoes and goes for a walk in the garden, Madhu Park and he frisks and frolics about. He has Jayatai<sup>2</sup>, Santosh<sup>3</sup>, Manimausi's Ani<sup>4</sup> to play with him. His Dhatai is there to

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1. Sudha Sane - Popat called her Dhatai.

2. Jayashree - Popat's maternal cousin sister.

3. Santosh Gupte - Popat's maternal cousin brother.

4. Anant Kamekar - P Kamekar's son.

caress him. Danukaka<sup>1</sup> and Popat's Ai too. But Popat's Bhai cannot go for a walk in the garden. They lock him up in a cell. Bhai cannot play with Popat and Jayatai. Popat's Ai can enjoy the taste of his sweet kisses. But Bhai cannot get the pleasure of tasting his sweet chocolate kisses nor kiss his tasty cake-smudged lips!

Before Popat's Bhai went to Goa, we all had lots of fun. Popat used to go out with Bhai and Danukaka. Ai and Bhai used to take him for a ride by Zuk Zuk train. One day Ai, Dhatai and Bhai took him to the aquarium to see the fish. Popat loved to watch the colourful fish. While he was engrossed in watching them he started making wavy movements like the fish.

As soon as Ai's college holidays begin and Dhatai's exam gets over tell your Ai, "Take me to see the fish again; take me to Queen's Garden." There are beautiful birds, a tiger, a deer. . .

On the last occasion when you came to meet Bhai, you went away after three days. You came to meet Bhai in the Military Jail! But you showed no discipline. You soiled your clothes and did not come near Bhai at all. Your Ai says you prattle away so fast. But did Popat talk to Bhai? He did not give him sufficient number of kisses.' Your mind was on the pumpum car all the time. When we were lodged at Altinho, hens, ducks and a crow used to visit us. We used to feed them. Bhow Bhow dogs and a meow meow cat come here. Bhow Bhow is snuff-coloured. He dislikes rice but loves bread with butter. He is very fond of fish bones. Mother Bhow Bhow delivered four pups just yesterday. They haven't come near our door yet!

One day when Popat's Bhai was at Altinho he fell ill. He had an attack of Asthma. He used to get fever. Once he had a fascinating dream—

He was lying on his bed one evening, thinking about Popat. One Chioo (sparrow) came to his window and started chirping. Bhai said to chioo, "Chioo, chioo, I am not well. But Popat is very clever. Go to him and bring him here. Popat will bring me back to health." Chioo was quite sensible. She went to Popat and said to him, "Your Bhai is sick; you go to him and cure him." Popat told her, "Am I a doctor? How can I cure him?" Chioo said, "I will guide you in that respect." Popat went to Ai and told her, "Ai, I am going to Bhai; I am going with Chioo. I shall be feeling hungry on my way. So give

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1 Narayan Shetye - Popat called him Danoo Kaka.

me something to eat on my journey." Popat's Ai gave him a cake and biscuits. Then Chioo stuck feathers on Popat's back and together they flew to Bhai. It was daybreak. At sunrise Chioo and Popat entered the cell through Bhai's window. Bhai was asleep then. Popat said "to Chioo, "Chioo, you don't make any noise. Bhai is fast asleep. If you scream he will get up." Then Popat went near Bhai and he kissed Bhai twice with his sweet lips; then he whispered in his ear. "Bhai my kisses are sweet. Doctor's medicine is bitter. You will feel better on account of my sweet kisses." After this, Popat and Chioo took off and flew away. Bhai opened his eyes. But Popat was nowhere around. He had disappeared. Thereafter Bhai recovered fast and his health improved. Asthma was scared of Popat and now it does not trouble Bhai!

Your Ai says, Popat is a very sensible child. Children who lack understanding trouble their mother. They don't listen to her. Are you like them? Your mother has to do a lot of work. She has to attend the college in the morning, she has to read books in the afternoon and she has to look after Popat too. As Popat's Bhai is in Goa, your Ai has to get all the money that is required, so do not trouble your Ai; listen to all that she tells you to do. Listen to Dhatai too. Do not trouble Danukaka. Popat will surely be loved by all, then!

Yours Bhai

## Letter No. II

Fort Aguada,  
Goa.

16th August 1956.

My dear Popat,

Didn't your Ai read out my last letter to you? Then why did you not write to me? Your Ai writes to me regularly. But you are quite naughty! You do not write letters to your Bhai. You have forgotten him altogether. Here your Bhai remembers you all the while.

A few days ago Aniruddha's Bhai had prepared sweet mango jam. All of us eat it in the morning. Bhai remembers you at that time. "Oh! If my dear Popat had been here it would have been so nice! Popat would have relished the sweet jam—muramba prepared by me!



But Popat, will you enjoy your stay here? There is no Santosh, Jayatai, Ani nor Anjali<sup>1</sup> here. While some people drink tea, others drink milk, after brushing their teeth. Then all of us go together for a bath to a nearby well. You will not be given warm water, only cold water for bath. You will have to take bath with your own hands as there is nor Janabai to bathe you. You will not be allowed to remain in the tub of water for a long time, understand?

While returning to the cell everyone brings back some water. Some lift big water pots. (Ask Ai how a pot looks like. She will draw a picture of a pitcher for you.) some lift buckets and some tins filled with water. Since you are a kid you should carry a small vessel. (When we had been to Hingne your aunt Suman from Pune, used to go with us to the water-pump and carry water when she was younger than you). You should not spill water on the way, Popat.

Popat, we are allowed to go for a walk, in the evening, for half an hour. But there is no garden here, no flowers, no slides, no kids to play with, nothing at all. We are allowed only to walk—forward and backward. We are locked in a room all through the day. You are used to roaming all over the house, frolicking; so how will you pass your time here? You will be permitted to bring your toys, though, we used to play chess; you may play with your pumpum or spin your top. I shall make paper boats for you. When the rain comes the water comes gushing down and puddles of water are formed. You can drop your boats into them.

Popat, you used to love Bhubhu very much when you were a baby. I have with me your photos with Bhubhu. Do you still play with Bhubhus? We have four live Bhubhus here. One is Laloo Khan; the other Lalya's brother, looks exactly like him. Another is a white bitch, a quiet soul. She comes over to our door to eat rice and fish. Our doors have grills. We can see the world outside through them. We can even pat Lalya through the grills. I do not like the fourth bitch. (Popat, can you count the numbers, one, two, three, four?) Not because she is black. Bhai likes black people, but this female is very dirty. She never washes her mouth. She rolls in the mud and her head is matted with muck. Even after a bath she dirties herself. Bhai hates dirty people. Popat brushes his teeth clean, then drinks milk and later takes a meal, isn't it? He does not soil his clothes.

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1. Anjali Goray - Mrinal Goray's daughter.

A few days back it was Padwa—the new year day. That day we had ‘Puranpoli’ on our menu. Before this we celebrated Christmas. We enjoyed a lot on that day. Our friends sang a variety of songs and danced. Popat, you love songs, don’t you? When we were at Amalner you used to stop crying whenever we switched on the radio, for a song, you used to listen to the song, intently.

Earlier a big rat used to come here. He used to make *khad khad* noise at night, eat all our food and when we tried to catch him, he scamped away. One day a Meow from the neighbourhood came to us. We fed her with milk and bread, the Meow was very grateful and asked, “Tell me how shall I help you?” To which Bhai said, “A gluttonous rat comes here, he troubles us. Please catch him,” Mani said, “All right. I will do the needful.” Soon thereafter we saw the rat! “My god! How big it was?” We have a kaka in our cell. He lifted the cat and threw her on the rat who was under the cot. The rat tried to run away. But Mani was quite smart. She caught him by the scruff of his neck and went away.

This mani has a few kittens. She comes to us to play sometimes. But to tell you the truth, I like Bhubhu. Our Lalya and the white bitch are very clever. They will not allow a piece of bread thrown at them to fall on the ground, but will quickly jump at it and gulp it down.

Popat, the sea is very close by here. Just as we can observe the houses and the road, ahead from our window at Khar, so we can see the expanse of the sea from here. The waves of the sea advance slowly and then ebb away. When they start flowing with force, they dash against the wall and burst giving rise to jets of spray which spray all over.

Do you know why the sea gets strong, mighty waves? Just as you have your Ai, there was a woman called Sagarlahari. She had her dearly loved son. Just as Champatai has her Aniruddha Sagarlahari’s son was Chandoba. One day, Chandoba said to his mother, “Let us play hide and seek. I shall hide and you should seek me out. I shall take off to a far away place and you should come to catch me.” After saying so he soared into the sky and remained there. He covered his face with a black bed-sheet. Chandoba’s mother was dead scared and cried out, “Where is my Chandoba?” She searched for him everywhere. On account of her frantic search huge waves rose up. Chandoba was secretly enjoying the fun from above. Gradually, he began lifting the sheet from his face. His mother said to herself, “By the way, who is

this? Could he be our Chandoba? How is he so thin? Is he sick?" (How Aniruddha had fallen sick when his Ai had gone out to buy sweets for him?) However, Chandoba appeared a wee bit larger on the following day. Gradually, Chandoba cast off the sheet completely and was fully visible. His mother recognised him then. Sagarlahari pleaded with him, "Chandoba, Chandoba come down and give me a hundred kisses." Chandoba said, "No, No! I have come high up here to stay. Do come up, yourself". Sagarlahari tried to reach Chandoba. She soared high her hands and made an effort to jump up. But she could not reach her Chandoba at all. Then once again Chandoba began hiding himself under the sheet and becoming smaller and smaller. One day he covered himself completely with the bedsheet. His mother grew restive and began running helter skelter. Hence the waves of the sea strike with enormous force on the dark Amavasya and full moon days.

When I came to Bombay, last, you were full of fun and amusement. After that, I have not had the chance, to come and play with you, for the last eight to nine months! On the last occasion, when you came here, you ran away after two days. In the Diwali vacation, come to stay here, at least for a week, so that we can enjoy ourselves to the maximum extent possible.

Yours Bhai

Letter No. III

Fort Aguada, Goa.  
27th June, 1956.

Dear Aniruddha,

I have not written to you for quite some time. You must have been saying, "What is the matter with Bhai, is he angry with me, or has he forgotten me?" But Popat is Bhai's darling, how can he ever be angry with him? Besides he remembers him all the time. At tea-time, I say, "Popat must have got up and started brushing his teeth. (But do you really brush your teeth?) Or do you say to Ai (Chioo and Maeo don't brush their teeth. I will not brush my teeth either.) After a while his Ai will give him milk. Popat will try to avoid taking it by turning and twisting his head. Finally his Ai will force him to drink it. At lunch, too, Bhai can see clearly Popat before his eyes. "Ai, I do not want rice curry. I do not want chapati, I want curds, I want fish" he says voicing his protest. His Ai will say, "From where can I get baoo

(fish) for you everyday? Go to Goa to Bhai. There fish is available in plenty. And when you grow up, set up, like that Bhayya below, a milk shop. So that, every day you can have as much curds as you desire!"

Popat these days, you may not be getting a chance to roam outside because of the rains. Then what are you busy with in the evenings? Perhaps, you will have to pass your time, going through the picture-books given to you by Dhatai and playing with the toy engine bought by your Ai, saying Zuk Zuk, Cook Cook. Your Ai says, "The road before our house is nicely tarred. Our house has been repainted. Did you like it or not?"

Can you chant the song, "Yere Yere Pausa (Rain rain come soon)"? Has anyone made paper-boats for you to let them float on the rain water? Four to five days ago what a beautiful wet starry night it was! But now? Tip Tip, Tip Tip, Tip, Tip, It is raining non-stop. Morning, noon and evening. Unmindful of whether it is day or night, it dances with fury. I can't understand how he does not tire out. In our garden at Khar, children dance and frolick like this but by sunset, they feel weary and worn out and hence return to their homes. They have either supper or milk at night. And then they lie in the bed, quietly. Some sleep, when the sun sets and the moon disappears behind the clouds, the blossoms, in the garden, shut their eyes. Only naughty children like you, do not sleep in peace. They become obstinate and say to Ai, "I will go to sleep only if you tell a story or sing a song." And as they listen to the story or listen to the song, they slowly fall asleep and are quite unaware of it. When they wake up they ask their mother, "Ai, what happened to the tiger in that story? Whose house was washed away in the rain, Kaoo's or Chioo's?"

You must have surely enjoyed yourself in the holidays. Did you go to see the colourful fish? Did you go to the Queen's Garden? Did you watch a tiger, a deer, a rabbit or a jumping hopping monkey? Your Ai had written saying that you saw everything and danced with joy. I said, you enjoyed yourself to the fullest, in the holidays. So, by holidays I mean your Ai's holidays. You always have holidays. I had told your Ai, "A few days from hence, it will start raining and your college will re-open. So you will be busy. Therefore, once before that, take Popat to Juhu. And accordingly, you all went to Juhu beach. There you must have known, what a sea is. Some time back you had come to meet me, by means of a steamer. But you were too small,

then to understand, what a boat is, or a sea looks. I pointed out to you, the sea, from the road where we met, then. But you did not enjoy the sight. Do you like the sea, now at least ? Did Jayatai show you how to erect a sand-house? Did you collect shells, cockle-shells? At the end of the rainy season, you say to your Ai and Dhatai, "Come on let us go to the sea and let us play there!"

From our Khar house, the sea is far away. But from here, it is as close as your garden is from our house. We can watch it all the time. Now, you see Popat, I have been writing this letter, sitting by the door. The vast expanse of the sea is before me. Today, you know, he is wild with anger. His big, bold foamy waves are advancing forward noisily *lapak lapak*. Why he has got angry so much I fail to understand! Possibly, his mother has not given him a chocolate! But what he really loves is salty, salty. salt. Or, probably, he is annoyed because his mother has not taken him out. Or else, because that wild wind, has without reason, hit him black and blue, he is unable to control his anger and started hitting and kicking the walls with his hands and feet. Do you behave like that mad sea when you get angry?

Recently, we have started taking bath immediately after tea. At times I get wet in the rain. Earlier we used to get water from the big tap when the Zuk Zuk engine was switched on. But now, we can have as much water as we desire. Water flows down in gushes from above. One can sit below it, have a dip, wash clothes and return to one's room. On our way to and fro, we glance at the hillocks, behind,—like the type we have at the end of our road at Khar. How green they have become! They have the same colour as that of the parrot which your Ai pins on to your shirt. The tall coconut palms shake their necks to and fro in the wind and rain. These trees give us coconuts and you eat its sweet, sweet kernel. When you went to Juhu, did you not drink coconut water, and didn't you like its thin layers of kernel?

You know quite well that they keep us locked inside a room. So we have to get water for washing our hands and brushing our teeth, in big tins. Earlier we used to go to the engine water which was very far. But now we have resorted to a jolly good trick. We keep our large tins outside the room, in the evening. Throughout the night water flows into them from the roof. When we get up in the morning we find the tins full. Find out from Ai what a torrent means and what (*pagolya*) leaking water from the tiles means. She will show this to you on a full rainy day. And if you peep out from the window, you

will see a tall coconut tree. You will find that it has worn a kind of a hat like your Ai's umbrella. Then it sways and sways in the breeze.

Do you know why I wrote this long letter to you? After a few days on 11th July—it will be your birthday. You will be completing two years and entering the third year. You have been growing gradually. There is a lot of fun on one's birthday—so children wish that their birthdays should be more frequent. They say to their mother, "Why do you celebrate our birthday once in a year? Celebrate it many many times, so that we can enjoy a lot. Older people are foolish. They are not interested in celebrating birthday at all!

I know for certain that you will receive your letter in time, only if I send it, well before your birthday. Because, postmen these days, have become quite tricky. They hand over my letters to you quite late, sometimes not at all. Your Ai's letters are not received by me, at times. Say to your postman at Khar. "Bring Bhai's letters as early as possible. Then I will give you some sweets." Probably he will listen to you. But see even if that postman listens to you, who will speak to this crafty postman here?

In the process of writing about your birthday, I have started writing something irrelevant. Last year, Aniruddha, I was not in Goa. I was in Bombay. But then Bhai had to go very far for a meeting. So Ai said to him, "It is our Raja's birthday. Do come back early." And then I really returned quite fast. You were, nicely dressed up on your birthday. You were dressed in a beautiful sailor suit bought by Dhatai. Mrinalmausi said, "Aniruddha looks nice." Manimausi said, "How sweet he looks." And from that time you really began feeling that you are beautiful. But that is not true, Popat, All children are nicely adorned on their birthday with nice, nice clothes. And they look very sweet.

On this birthday, You tell your Ai, "Invite all my kid friends for having fun. What if Bhai will not be present? He is bound to come today or tomorrow. But will I be getting into my third year again?

Bhaumama's<sup>1</sup> Santosh, Mrinalmausi's Anjali, Manimausi's Ani, Anukaka's Zelum<sup>2</sup> (Don't get scared! She does not look like Anukaka,

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1. S. Y. Gupte - Champa's eldest brother who was Income Tax Commissioner. At his place Popat spent his childhood very happily.

2. Pratibha Goray - Artist friend Prabhakar Goray's daughter. A Reserve Bank Officer.

She resembles her mother!), Gorekaka's Bandi! (Do you know that he draws? He had drawn a horrible picture of your Bhai, I have heard. So be careful!) Call every one. Play a lot, eat sweets and have fun. And in case Doctor bai<sup>2</sup> comes greet her with a namaskar! Your ways are really so odd! Last year, for the first time you learnt to say TaTa. Now go on greeting everyone with Namaskaras!

You will be in great form, now! Your Ai has decided to admit you to a children's school. There you will be free from work and studies. You will only be dancing about playing, learning new songs, eating sweets, going through picture books, tearing them, rioting and having fun!

A few days back, I received Jayatai's letter in beautiful hand writing. When you grow up, you too, should write to me, like her. It should be entirely your own, not borrowed ideas—now give hundreds and hundreds of kisses of your dimpled cheeks!

Yours Bhai

Letter No. IV

Aguada Fort,  
Goa.

19<sup>th</sup> July 1956.

Dear Aniruddha,

Has the postman given you the letter which I had written for your birthday or not? Your mother must have read it out to you. And, by the way, did you get the greeting which I sent through the fireflies?

There was a lot of fun here the other day. We saw a large gathering of fireflies. Have you ever seen a twinkling fire fly? Since you are staying at Khar, in Bombay, you know a good deal about a cycle, a pumpum, a bus and a Zuk Zuk train. You children in Khar, very often see aeroplanes flying, *ghurr*, *ghurr* above like winged birds. But do you come across, any fireflies glittering like stars, there? Here we see any number of them. At 9.30 at night it is quite

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1. Zelum Varde - Prof. Sadanand Varde's daughter. Presents Odissy dances.

2. Dr. Kumudini Gupte, in whose maternity home Popat was born. Mrinal Goray's eldest sister.

peaceful all around, here. No one is permitted to sing or even talk. We have to dim the lamp and sleep quietly. One day, I had been just lying in bed, and however hard I tried I could get no sleep. I was constantly thinking of you. In the meantime, a number of fireflies rushed into my room and twinkle, twinkle, they moved here and there. Some directly came to my bed and one of them came plop on my hand. It was so tiny but its glitter was quite bright. I said to him, "Who are you? You look very brave! Aren't you afraid of me?" Do you know what his reply was? "My name is Raj. I am not afraid of tigers or darkness. In fact, I am not afraid of anyone." After that another firefly came twinkling and sat on my other hand. I asked him, "And my boy, who are you?" At this there was a loud guffaw from all. Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle. "Why boys, why are you laughing? You appear to be quite impolite!" At this first firefly said, "Oh'. You seem to be quite foolish! Though you are so big you do not know that boys and girls have to be addressed differently. This is Anjutai; these are here two plates and this is her frock with a flowery design." "And who is this?" "She is Zelum. This is Uma', this is Bandi, this is Ani and this is Santosh." But instead of going to sleep at night what are you all doing here?" Won't your parents shout at you?" Whereupon the first firefly said, "In fact, my Bhai is lost. He has not come home for so many days. So my Ai said, "Why are you playing like a vagabond, the whole day long? Go and find your Bhai." Therefore I said to my friends, "Come on, let us find out where my Bhai is hiding himself. While searching for him high and low, we marched here. Have you, by any chance, seen our Bhai anywhere?" I said, "Look I shall find out your Bhai. But you will have to do one job for me before that. My son stays at Khar. His birthday falls on the day after tomorrow. I have been locked inside by the whites. So you will have to carry my greetings to him and give him a present on my behalf."

He was very happy to hear my words and flew off with his throng of friends. Standing by the window, I watched after him for a long time. Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle!

Did he really visit you on your birthday? Did he convey my greetings to you? Did you give them any sweets?

Here, we enjoyed a lot on your birthday. We prepared nice hot hot tea early in the morning and had bread and cheese for breakfast. After

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1. A South Indian neighbour - Raman's daughter.



bath I brought out all your photos. One that was clicked a year ago in which Popat has a gentle smile; with lips tightly closed, wearing a lined shirt; one in a bush shirt? Another of Popat smiling mischievously while putting on his shoes; yet another of Popat putting on an act with half shut eye pointing his finger at some distant object; I have all kinds of photos of Popat.

Later in the day, we read out your Ai's letters in which she had given a beautiful description of your baby-talk, about when and how you started toddling and of what funny things you indulged in.

All your friends, both girls and boys must have attended your birthday in the evening. You can't imagine, how we enjoyed ourselves here. In my room there are three uncles beside myself. One of the uncles is very, very lazy. He is reluctant to wash his spoon even! He says, "I will eat with my hands. I don't need your spoon or forks." On your birthday, the other two uncles said to me, "You need not do any work today. As it is your Aniruddha's birthday. Just relax, reading or gossiping and true to say, all the work was done by those two uncles. They prepared *pakodas*, *puris*, they fried wafers sent by your Ai and cooked sweet *paisam*. (a kind of sweet *kheer*), with almonds and raisins. We sent, a little of all these items to Nanakaka, while he, in turn, sent us the tasty *kheer* prepared by him in celebration of your birthday.

Before we sat to eat, one of the uncles burnt two incense sticks. Have you ever seen an incense stick? It has a very pleasant smell. The second uncle burnt incense and filled the room with fragrant smoke. The third uncle arranged stalks of *mogra* flowers and leaves in a glass. And in this grand style we ate our food. Aniruddha, we cannot enjoy like this, often. Hence this birthday of yours will be remembered by all of us. My darling Aniruddha, two years ago, it was Ashadhi Ekadashi, when we got you. On this day some people observe fast. But their fast is not a fast in the real sense. On the day of the fast, they go on munching nuts, dates, khichadi etc. Since you were born on Ekadashi day my friends said, "Your son's name should be 'Vithoba'". One of the uncles, Narayankaka (not your Danukaka), Phenanikaka is quite roguish. I thought to myself, "If he goes on using the name, your name may ultimately remain Vithoba. So I said to him, "Don't call our kalumiya Popat, Vithoba. Your complexion in those days was slightly dark, so your Ai used to call you Kalumiya! We are going to select a beautiful name for him," I used to tell your Ai "Let us name our Popat Kalumiya."

Your Ai used to say, "No, that is not a good name. Let us call him this." Finally I said, "All right. We shall name him Aniruddha." Your Ai said, "Oh! very nice! Aniruddha is a sweet name!" Since then your name was changed from 'Vithoba' to Aniruddha. The day before yesterday was Ashadhi Ekadashi. I related this story to my friends that day. They had a hearty laugh on hearing it.

In my last letter I had written to you that it has been raining incessantly, Tip, Tip. But I cannot say what overcame it, after that day. It was lying hidden for fifteen days. Finally it has appeared again. This time it has become very smart! It poured the whole night long but when we were ready for our bath, it stopped. Due to the rains, our road laid with stones has become quite slippery. There is a possibility of our slipping and hurting ourselves on the stones. But then we are very careful. It is amazing how the cows and their white-black-red calves grazing on the green grassy hillocks are not scared of sliding down! They hop about, tun, tun, and without any care, and chew off the grass. Similarly the goats and their dainty kids.

We are not allowed to go up and play with them. We have been accompanied by a guard with a rifle, all the time! Do you think he will permit us to go there? He says, "Take your bath, wash your clothes and go back to your cells." He then latches the door and locks it with a heavy lock and says, "Sit there quietly now. You will not go out, nor will you play."

Earlier, I had told you about the black dirty bitch that comes to us. Remember? She is liked by one of the uncles here. He calls out to her and gives her a sack cloth to sit on. Though she has grown so big she has not become wise at all! She is still as dirty as ever; and how cruel she is? One uncle throws a handful of rice in the veranda for the crows to eat. Soon after crows come cawing and start picking at the grains of rice. But this evil black bitch! She rushes at them and so the crows are scared away. In fact, her tin is full of rice and bones (of fishes) but instead of eating from what she is served she rushes to pester the crows. Then another uncle thrashes her with a stick and so she comes to her senses.

Popat, is it fair to trouble or harass others? Such people are not called wise. Your Ai says that you, too have started troubling other children and hitting them. People must have been telling your Ai, "Champatai, your son has become a rogue." When I am released

from Jail, they will say to me, "Please control your son. His goondaism cannot be tolerated. He has become a regular "hitter". When people complain, like this, my darling, what should be our reply to them?"

Earlier when the Doctor (Dr. Lohia) had come to see you, you had fallen sick because of excessive eating. Is it necessary to gobble off all the sweetmeats offered to you? Look at me! I don't ever fall sick here. When you fall sick you have your Ai and Dhatai to look after you and fondle you. Do I have anyone here?

Convey my namaskars to Dhatai and Danukaka. And for you, Anjutai, Santosh and others, lots and lots of kisses.

Yours Bhai

Letter No. V

Karwar,

2nd February, 1957

Dear Popat,

I have not written to you for quite some time nor have I told you any stories. So naturally you must have been angry with me. No doubt, I am writing this letter to you. But even before your Ai could have read this letter to you, Popat will have met his Bhai and Bhai his dear Popat! And where? Not in the jail of the Portuguese in Goa! There, in Bombay, at our home. For good!

Earlier, during Dassera, you had come to meet me with Ai and Vinayakkaka. We had a heart to heart talk for a long time. You told me, "Bhai, I attend school now! I go to Inabai's Pushpavikas School!" "Who is Inabai?" I asked. You said, "My teacher. She dearly likes me."

Then I took you inside my room. Popat, could you call it a room? Was it not just like the iron cage in which they keep tigers in the Queen's Garden? But Popat, I am no longer in the cage! I have got a chance to ramble freely outside. Above me is the beautiful blue sky. Stars are twinkling inside it and I am saying to them, "Tomorrow we are going to Belgaum by a big pumpum. And thence to Poona and

Bombay. And then I shall be meeting a naughty little boy. It is likely that I shall be meeting him at Poone itself! Yes or no?

About thirteen to fourteen months ago I was lodged in the high Altenho jail. There the Portuguese had told me, "You will be confined here for 12 years. We will shut the door and clamp it with a mighty lock." There, a white Portuguese used to serve us our food. He used to tease me, "Do you think we are going to free you now?" You wanted Goa, isn't it? Now remain inside the cage quietly. "I used to say, "Let them not free me, if they so desire!" To which he used to say "Your 'filya' (son) will have become so big when you shall have reached your home." (Do you know what a filya means)? Perhaps he will be studying in a college by then!" But see, what a funny thing has happened after one year ! About seven or eight days ago one Portuguese soldier came to us and said, gesturingly, "Pra Casa, now you will be going home." We could hardly believe it! But today, they made us sit inside a big pumpum and after a crazy ziz-zag drive, they left us near Karwar. "Bye, bye, you may go now!"

Popat your Bhai is free; Kaka also is free! But still there are a large number of people inside the cage! Do you remember Sudhamaushi'? You had been to meet her, with Ai, at Kempe Jail. And she had given you some sweets. She is still inside the cage! Popat, we shall have real fun when all these birds flutter off from the cage!

O.K. Now, I shall end up the letter. I am very tired. I hear some one whispering in my ear, "Go and sleep, now! You have to go by pumpum, tomorrow, isn't it? So you have to wake up early. You should not be sleeping lie a lazy lump!" So, now, I am giving this letter to the postman and then try to race with him. Let me see, whether this letter, or your Bhai reaches Popat first!

Yours Bhai

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1. Smt. Sudhatai Joshi - who was in Kempe jail. President of the Goa National Congress. Wife of famous writer Shri Mahadev Shastri Joshi. Sudhatai bravely went through long imprisonment in Goa along with Smt. Sindhu Deshpande.

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## Goa Liberation Movement and Nanasaheb Goray

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After the death of Nanasaheb Goray, there seemed to be a great turmoil in the Marathi newspapers regarding his role in the Goa Liberation Movement. Many people telephoned me and asked me to explain the truth in this matter. In the Parliament Library the Marathi Newspapers—*Loksatta*, *Maharashtra Times*, *Sakal*, *Kesari*, *Navakal* etc. are there. From the last one and one and half year, *Samana* is also available in Library. But because of the improper health I seldom peep into the library. I do not go there regularly. Therefore I was not aware of the storm on this subject. Now I know the crux of the discussion or bone of contention, therefore I want to explain the facts.

In the modern times Dr. Rammanohar Lohia addressing a public meeting at Madgaon in 1946, started the Goa Liberation Movement. The police arrested Dr. Lohia and kept him in the police custody. There was reaction of this event throughout the country. Gandhiji himself congratulated Dr. Lohia for raising the question of civil liberties with fearlessness. Because of the intervention of Gandhiji the Portuguese rulers released Dr. Lohia. After that the liberation movement took a new start. Due to the inspiration of Dr. Lohia, Goa National Congress was formed. 1946-47 was the transition year for the transfer of power. So the Goa movement was a hurdle according to Nehru-Patel. It would have made their position embarrassing. Once again Lohia tried to enter Goa. But the Portuguese officers put a ban on his entry. They immediately externed him. Goa Sattyagrahis were given long sentences. Many of them were deported away from the motherland to Angola, Portugal etc. In these sattyagrahis were Purushottam Kakodkar, Rama Hegde, Bhembre, Loyola, Deshpande, Mayekar, Shirodkar, Ticlo, T.B. Kunha etc. I especially knew Purushottam Kakodkar and Rama Hedge. When I visited Portugal in

While we were at the police headquarters, Jagannathrao Joshi and myself used to meet Nanasaheb and Shirubhau just for a few minutes while going for a bath on the well. Once or twice we saw Sudhatai Joshi and Sindhutai Deshpande, from a distance. We hailed each other with the movement of our eyes and hands. Once Shirubhau spoke to me when the police were not looking at us. After enquiring about my health, he told me in a soft voice, "After we came here I had a terrific quarrel with Nanu." "It is no use continuing with the movement. I feel it should be suspended." Nanu said. He has also sent a telegram of some such meaning to Goa Vimochan Sahayak Samiti, through the Portuguese authorities. On that point we had heated arguments. "You should not do anything without consulting me, that is what I have told him." Shirubhau told me. Before entering Goa for sattyagraha, I had heard some news that Nanasaheb had sent such a telegram. There is no way to know whether the Portuguese Government had sent the telegram to Jayantrao Tilak. Only Jayantrao can clarify this point. During the earlier days of the prison life in Goa once or twice I had a talk with Nanasaheb about the Goa movement. He did not mention the topic of sending the telegram nor did I ask deliberately about it. Nanasaheb did not expect the horrible treatment given to Senapati Bapat, himself or other sattyagrahis. And I think, there was a lurking hope in his mind that after the commencement of sattyagraha, the Government of India will take a strong action. That is why when he appealed to the people to join the sattyagraha he said we would be back by Diwali. I think when he sent the telegram, the chain of his thoughts might have been like this: The Portuguese rule is very cruel and fascist. There is not a tinge of humanity in them. The British rulers had at least some faith in moral values. In England itself the democracy had some stable foundation. There the freedom of individual had progressed. The British rulers felt somewhat ashamed while making lathi-charge on the non-violent sattyagrahis. That is why Gandhiji's technique of civil disobedience became successful in India. But the Portuguese rulers are simply unmoved by the sufferings of peaceful sattyagrahis, the Government of India, is looking at all these incidents without any concern. In such condition what is the use in continuing with this sattyagraha? Of course this argument could have been refuted. But that is a different thing.

In Goa there was a suave Portuguese officer by name Antonious. Once he mentioned to me about the telegram sent by Nanasaheb but Anton never told me that Nanasaheb had apologised.

Then there was another incident, when the foreign correspondents came to see us on August 12, 1955. Nanasaheb, Shirubhau and myself were called together. I was sitting between them. The Portuguese police were standing outside to create a favourable impression on the foreign correspondents. I remember this meeting (Interview) because among them was Taya Zinkin of the *Manchester Guardian*. We were knowing each other. Nanasaheb told me, "Have you heard, Sudhatai Joshi has been sentenced for 10 + 2 (if fine not paid) years?" I said, "Yes. I have heard." After that he asked me, "Now what should we do?" I must admit that I did not like his words. I told him in soft voice, "We have undertaken this adventure with an open eye. So whatever happens, we should face it. We should be prepared for it." He said, "Yes. What you say is correct." At that time also Shirubhau, complained to me about the approach of Nanasaheb. I asked Shirubhau, "Whether he has taken any new step? Any new move?" To that Shirubhau answered, "No. Nanu has not made any new move. Only he speaks sometimes. May be it is a part of his open thinking."

On 15th August the movement had reached its peak. Karnal Singh, Hirve Guruji, Pannalal Yadav, Amichand Gupta, Mahankal etc., many persons became martyrs in that struggle. Many people like Sahodaradevi got seriously wounded. Then our Government put a ban on the entry of our sattyagrahis in Goa and the movement came to an end. All those who have observed various movements minutely, or have participated in it know it for a fact that many a time there can be difference of opinion on whether to intensify a movement or to control it or to suspend it. Gandhiji suspended his movement after Chourichura. The AIWC members who were outside (not arrested) supported him but people like Motilal Nehru, Chittaranjan Das and other persons who were in jail, got annoyed with Gandhiji. In 1933-34 the collective civil disobedience movement was at first changed into individual civil disobedience and later on the movement was altogether withdrawn. A sizeable group in the Congress approved of this decision. On the contrary not only Jawaharlal even Vallabhbhai too was not happy over it. If we speak about the recent time, during the emergency period in 1976, Charan Singh was asking Jayprakash many a time to withdraw the movement. And Atalbehari Vajpayee was agreeable with him. He was of the same opinion. I was strongly against this viewpoint and had conveyed it to J.P. also. But does it mean that Charansingh and Atalbehari Vajpayee were apologising?

Here we will have to consider on another aspect of Goa Liberation (Vimochan) Samiti's guidance was not correct. It was my firm opinion that regarding the cases of civil disobedience, self-defence and appeal against the long sentences does not suit. It is against the spirit of civil disobedience. But the Goa Vimochan Samiti had ill advised the sattyagrahis that they should give defence and should appeal against the long sentences. The Committee had appointed an advocate by the name of Kensaro. Kensaro and the Portuguese officer had tried to bring pressure on me. But the case, the defence and the appeal were all a drama of the Portuguese officers. The intention behind it was to make the public opinion in the world favourable. So I refused to accept this advice. I told them that I do not accept the Portuguese rule. So the question does not arise about the advocate, the argument and the appeal. What was the result? Those who gave the defence were given the same duration of punishment and despite the appeal their sentence remained unchanged. So the advice given by the important leaders of the Goa Liberation Committee was not proper and was humiliating to the sattyagrahis.

Father Carreno of the Dom Bosco institute used to come and meet us. He loved me a lot. He used to bring periodicals like *Time*, *Economist* etc., regularly for me. Portugal is a Roman Catholic country. The religion has tremendous impact on the people there. Due to the international pressure and especially due to the intervention of the Pope we were released unconditionally. Nanasaheb was one of them. If Nanasaheb would have apologised the Portuguese would have released him instantly. Not only this but they would have definitely used his apology to malign the Goa Liberation Movement throughout the world.

Nanasaheb and myself had a lot of differences on various points. But whatever I have said about his role in the Goa Liberation movement is nothing but truth. Nanasaheb did not apologise is the real truth. He also underwent the imprisonment like other sattyagrahis. I hope this public controversy will come to an end after my explanation. After my explanation those who want to hold his opinion, he is free to do so. But he should first obtain the so-called apology letter of Nanasaheb and should publish it. And so far it is not available, he should keep quiet. That will be much better.



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# Original Portuguese Chargesheet and Its English Translation

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ESTADO DA INDIA

TRIBUNAL MILITAR TERRITORIAL

NOTA-DE CULPA

Declara-se ao arguido,

Madu Ramchondra Limaye .....  
..... em face da douda accusação que lhe é movida pelo-  
digno Ministério Público, abaixo transcrita, o seguinte:-

1.

Que lhe é-permitido apresentar na secretaria do tribunal a sua defesa por escrito, dentro de três dias, ou deduzi-la verbalmente na audiencia do julgamento;

2.

Que lhe não é permitido deduzir em sua defesa matéria alguma que se dirija a acusar directa ou indirectamente os seus superiores, quando a accusação não tiver relação-com o crime que lhe fôr imputado;

3.

Que deve entregar o rol das testemunhas para prova da defesa, no acto da intimação ou dentro de três dias, à autoridade a quem estiver subordinado ou na secretaria do tribunal;

4.

Que, depois de terminado o prazo a que se refere o número anterior, até três dias antes do julgamento, lhe é permitido indicara testemunhas

ou substituir as indicadas, contanto que residam na localidade onde funcionar o tribunal ou, no caso contrário, se comprometa a apresentá-las;

5.

Que não lhe é permitido indicar mais de oito testemunhas para a prova de cada facto que alegar;

6.

Que pode constituir defensor qualquer oficial, com exclusão dos que exerçam o cargo de promotor de justiça em qualquer tribunal militar, ou advogado, sendo essencial que a êste último seja passada procuração, e que, não o escolhendo, será defendido pelo digno Defensor Oficioso, senhor Tenente Miliciano de Infantaria, João Esteves de Miranda.....

7.

Que lhe é permitido requerer, dentro do prazo de três dias, ou de cinco se tiver constituído defensor, o que julgar conveniente para a sua defesa.

### **EXTRACTO DE ACUSAÇÃO**

Diz o promotor de Justiça junto do Tribunal Militar Territorial do Estado da Índia, contra o réu, subdito indiano Madu Ramachondra Limaye, casado, de 33 anos de idade, professor e secretário do partido socialista, filho de Ramachondra Limaye e de Shantabai Limaye, natural de Poona e residente em Bombaim.

1º

P. - que o réu chefiando um grupo de 8 indivíduos, todos de nacionalidade indiana, entrou em território nacional, indocumentado e clandestinamente.

2º

P. - que um dos acompanhantes trazia uma bandeira indiana desfraldada.

3º

P. - que todos estes indivíduos assim como o réu gritavam frases subversivas tais como: -"Deixai Goa Livre", "Goa deve ser livre", "Portugueses abandonai Goa" e outras do mesmo teor, enquanto

espalhavam pelas localidades por onde passavam panfletos subversivos, cujos exemplares se encontram nos autos.

4º

P. - que o réu e os demais indivíduos foram presos na estrada PERNEM-PA RXEM.

5º

P. - que o réu participou em acção colectiva destinada a excitar a opinião pública, em actividade concordante com pretensões estrangeiras, do seu país, sobre os territórios portugueses da Índia que ele desejava ver separados da Mãe-Pátria e integrados no seu país-União Indiana.

6º

P. - que por estes factos o réu cometeu o crime previsto e punido pelo § único do artsº 141 q do Código Penal referido ao nº 1 do mesmo artigo e ao artigo 151 q do mesmo Código em vista do disposto no § 2 q do artº 150 q do Código Penal, pelo que requiere o Promotor de Justiça lhes sejam aplicadas às penas correspondentes às leis infringidas.

Promotoria do TMT., em Goa, 15 de Dezembro de 1955. Ass)-O PROMOTOR DE JUSTIÇA-Joaquim Maria da Costa Macedo.....  
Cap. de Infra ..... ESTA CONFORME

Secretaria do TMT., em Goa, 17 de Dezembro de 1955

O SECRETÁRIO,

César Máximo  
Ten. do QSAE

## TRANSLATION

### "ESTADO DA INDIA"

## TERRITORIAL MILITARY TRIBUNAL CHARGESHEET

It is hereby informed to the accused MADU RAMACHONDRA LIMAYE in view of the learned chargesheet filed against him by the Public Prosecutor, transcribed below, as follows:-

1.

That it is permitted to him to submit in the administrative office of the tribunal his defence in writing, within three days or to deduce it verbally during the trial;

2.

That it is not permitted to him to deduce in his defence any matter purporting, to directly or indirectly accused his superiors, when the accusation does not have any connection with the criminal offence imputed to him.

3.

That he should hand over the list of defence witnesses in the act of intimation or within three days, to the authority to whom he may be subordinate or in the administrative office of the tribunal.

4.

That on expiry of the time limit referred to in the preceding number, till three days prior to the trial, it is permitted to him to indicate witnesses or substitute those already indicated, provided that they reside in the locality where the tribunal functions, or in contrary, provided, he undertakes to produce them.

5.

That it is not permitted to him to indicate more than eight witnesses to evidence each fact that he may allege.

6.

That he can constitute his counsel for the defence any official, with exclusion to those holding the post of promotor de justica" (Public Prosecutor) attached to any military tribunal, or advocate, it being essential that the latter one be given a power of attorney, and that in case he does not choose any counsel for the defence, he shall be defended by the Counsel Amicus curiae, the Lieutenant "Miliciano" Medico of Infanteria, Joao Esteves de Miranda.

7.

That it is permitted to him to apply, within a period of three days or of five in case he has constituted his counsel for defence, whatever he may deem convenient in his defence.

### **EXTRACT OF THE CHARGESHEET**

The “promotor de Justica” (Public Prosecutor) attached to the Territorial Military Tribunal of “Estado da India” states against the defendant the aforesaid Indian MADU RAMACHONDRA LIMAYE, married, aged 33, teacher and secretary of the Socialist party, son of Ramachondra Limaye and of Shantabai Limaye, Born in Poona and resident of Bombay.

1.

P.- That the defendant leading a group of eight individuals, all of Indian nationality, entered the national territory, without any documents and clandestinely.

2.

P.- That one of the individual accompanying them was carrying an Indian Flag unfurled.

3.

P.- All these individuals as also the defendant were shouting subversive slogans:- such as “Keep Goa free”, “Goa should become free”, “Portuguese please get out from Goa” and other similar ones, at the same time they were throwing subversive pamphlets through the place they were passing, copies of which are found in the file of proceedings.

4.

P.- That the defendant and the other individuals were arrested at the road PERNEM-PARXEM.

5.

P.- That the defendant participated in collective action purported to excite the public opinion, in conformity with foreign pretension, of their country, on the Portuguese territories of India which they wished to be separated from the Mother Country and integrated in their country,— Union of India.

6.

P. - That by these acts the defendant committed the criminal offence envisaged and punishable under proviso to Article 141 of the Penal Code read with No.1 of the same article and to the article 151

of the same Code in view of the provisions under para 2 of article 150 of the Penal Code, wherefor the Public Prosecutor prays that he may be convicted to punishment corresponding to the laws violated.

Office of the Territorial Military Tribunal in Goa, 15th December 1955.

(Public Prosecutor)

Sd/- "O PROMOTOR DE JUSTICA"-  
Joaquim Maria da Costa Macedo.

This is in accordance.

Administrative office of Territorial Military Tribunal in Goa, 17th December 1955.

GOVERNMENT OF GOA  
Secretariat  
Under Secretary-cum Official Translator  
Panaji

The Secretary  
Sd/-  
(Cesar Maximo)  
Lieutenant of QSAE

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# **Original Portuguese Judgement and Its English Translation**

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**TRANSLATION**  
**SERVICE OF REPUBLIC**  
**Police of Estado da India**  
**COMMAND**  
**Central Commissioner's Office**

Year 1955

FILE No. 47/955

**OFFENCE:** Against the State Security  
**ACCUSED:** MADU RAMCHONDRA LIMAYE  
**RESIDENCE OF THE ACCUSED:** As mentioned in the proceedings.

**Record of the Proceedings**

On 10th of the month of August of the year 1955, I drew up the documents that follow. And I, Mario Acursio Teixeira, agent of the International and Defence Police of the State Police acting as clerk typed it and I sign.

The clerk

Sd/-

(Mario Acursio Teixeira)

**"ESTADO DA INDIA"**  
**(GOVT. OF GOA, DAMAN AND DIU)**  
**TERRITORIAL MILITARY TRIBUNAL**  
**PROCEEDINGS OF THE TRIAL**

On the 6th day of the month of January of the year 1956 in this city of Goa and in the court hall of the Territorial Military Tribunal of "Estado da India", met the latter, constituted by Major of the Services of Military Administration, Jose Francisco dos Santos, Dr. Jose Joaquim Militao de Quadros and Captain of Infantry, Joao Mario de Sampaio e Castro, the first one being the President, the second "Juiz Auditor" (Judge) and the third Military Judge Member, there being present the "Promotor de Justica" (Public Prosecutor) Captain of Infantry, Joaquim Maria da Costa Macedo, with me, Cesar Maximo, Lieutenant of Q.S.A.E., Secretary, all without impediment, in order to hold the trial of the accused MADU RAMACHONDRA LIMAYE, charged with having committed the criminal offence envisaged and punishable under proviso to article 141 of the Penal Code read with No. 1 of the same article and under article 151, in view of the provision of para 2 of article 150 all of the Penal Code.

On declaring the trial opened, the President verified that the Codes as required by law were on the table and directed to bring accused before them and the latter one entered the court hall accompanied by his counsel Amicus Curiae lieutenant Military of Infantry, Joao Esteves de Miranda.

Having called out the witnesses, it was verified that they were present.

Having read the extracts of the file to which article 30 of the Decree No. 19892 dated 15th June 1931, refers, the accused was identified by the President, in the manner as mentioned in the learned "Accordao" (Decree in Agreement) at folios 50 and the following ones:

In terms of article 33 of the same Decree the Counsel Amicus Curiae read and handed over the written statement which is going to



be annexed to the file of proceedings, by proffering the merits of the proceedings.

The “Juiz Auditor” (Judge) interrogated the accused after warning him about article 34 of the aforesaid Decree and the witnesses promised, upon their word of honour, to state the truth and nothing but the truth and the accused was heard through the interpreter duly appointed and on oath, furriel of Infantery Emerico Idilio Coelho de Amaral.

Verbal allegations of the Public Prosecutor and of the Counsel Amicus Curiae followed and finally the President put to the accused the queries referred to in the article 45 of the aforesaid Decree No. 19892.

The Trial having been interrupted by the President, the Tribunal assembled in the hall earmarked for taking the deliberations in secret conference.

On re-opening the trial the accused being present and having complied with the legal formalities, I, the Secretary, read the sentence recorded at folios 50 and the following ones wherein, the Tribunal by virtue of its decision agreed in conference, in one voice, to hold the learned charge as tenable and proved and in consequence thereof convicted the defendant to ten years rigorous imprisonment, two years of fine at the rate of twenty escudos per day, and expulsion from the national territory, after undergoing the punishment.

Thereafter I issued notices as required under articles 525 of the Code of Military Justice of Article 162 of the Regulation for the Execution of the Code of Military Justice, the time limit being of three days reckoning from tomorrow in terms of the legislation in force.

This was finalized and closed in continuous and public session in the court hall of the Territorial Military Tribunal of India in Goa, date above, signed by the President, by the Judge and by the Member with me Secretary, who subscribe it and it bears acknowledgement of the Public Prosecutor.

The President

Sd/-

(Jose Francisco dos Santos)

M.S.M.A.

Seen  
"Promotor de Justice"  
(The Public Prosecutor)

The Uiz Auditor (Judge)  
Sd/-  
(Jose Joaquim Militao de Quadros)

Sd/-  
(Joaquim Maria da Costa  
Macedo)

Military Judge Member  
Sd/-  
(Jose Joaquim Militao de Quadros)

Military Judge Member  
Sd/-  
(Joao Mario de Sampaio e Castro)

The Secretary  
Sd/-  
(Cesar Maximo)

GOVERNMENT OF GOA  
Secretariat  
Under Secretary  
Cum-Official Translator  
Panaji

**SERVIÇO DA REPUBLICA**  
**Polícia do Estado da India**

**COMANDO**  
**Comissariado Central**

Ano de 1955

**PROCESSO N° 47/955**

**CRIME:** Contra e Segurança do Estado

**ARGUIDO:** MADU RAMACHONDRA LIMAYE

**RESIDÊNCIA DO ARGUIDO:** A constante dou autos

**AUTUAÇÃO**

Aos dez dias do mês de Agosto do ano de mil novecentos e cinquenta e cinco, autuei os documentos que seguem. E eu, Mário Acúrsio Teixeira, agente da Polícia Internacional o de Defesa do Estado, servindo de escrivão, o dactilografei e assino.

O escrivão,

Sd/-

**Mário Acúrsio Teixeira**

<p><b>GENERAL</b> <b>JUSTIÇA</b> <b>NO. 320</b> <b>3/10/55</b></p>
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## ESTADO DA INDIA

## TRIBUNAL MILITAR TERRITORIAL

## ACTA DE AUDIÊNCIA DE JULGAMENTO

Aos seis dias do mês de Janeiro de mil novecentos e cinquenta e seis nesta cidade de Gôa e sala das audiências do Tribunal Militar Territorial do Estado da India, se reuniu êste constituído pelos Excelentíssimos senhores, Major dos Serviços da Administração Militar, José Franscisco dos Santos, Doutor José Joaquim Militão de Quedros e Capitão de Infantaria, João Mário de Sampaio e Castro, sendo o primeiro Presidente, o segundo Juíz Auditor e o terceiro Juíz Militar Vogal, achando-se presente o Promotor de Justiça, senhor Capitão de Infantaria, Joaquim Maria da Costa Macedo, comigo, César Máximo, Tenente do Q.S.A.E., Secretário, todos sem impedimento, para o fim de julgar o réu MADU RAMACHONDRA LIMAYE, acusado de ter cometido o crime previsto e punido pelo § único do artº 141º do Código Penal referido ao nº 1º do mesmo artigo e ao artº 151º, em vista do disposto de § 2º do artº 150º todos do Código Penal.

Aberta a audiência e Excelentíssimo Presidente verificou acharem-se sôbre a mesa os códigos ordenados na lei e mandou que o ... réu ... fôsse ... presente ..., entrando êste ... na sala acompanhado ... do ... defensor Oficioso, senhor Tenente Miliciano de Infantaria, João Esteves de Miranda.

Feita a chamada das testemunhas, verificou-se estarem presentes.

Lidas as peças do processo a que alude o art.º 30.º do Decreto número 19.892 de 15 de Junho de 1931, foi.. o ... réu ... identificado ... pelo Excelentissimo Presidente, pela forma constante do douto acordão de folhas cincocenta e seguintes.

As advertências do artigo trinta e três do mesmo Decreto o Defensor oficioso leu e entregou a contestação escrita que vai ser junta aos autos, oferecendo merecimento dos autos.

O Jníz Auditor fez os interrogatórios ao ... réu ..., depois d a advertência do art.º trinta e quatro do aludido Decreto e as testemunhas prometeram pela sua honra dizer a verdade e aos costumes nada, tendo o réu sido ouvido através do interprete devidamente nomeado e ajuramentado, o furriel de Infantaria Emérico Idílio Coelho de Amaral.

Seguiu-se as alegações orais dos dignos Promotor e Defensor e finalmente o Exce lentíssimo Presidente fez ao ... réu ... as perguntas a que so refere o artigo quarenta o cinco do citado decreto dezanove mil oitocentos e noventa e dois.

Interrompida a audiência, pelo Excelentíssimo Presidente o Tribunal recolheu á sala destinada às suas deliberações em conferência secreta.

Readerta a audiência, presente ... o ... réu ..., cumpridas as formalidades legais, em Secretário, li a sentença quo vai a folhas cincoenta e seguintes na qual o Tribunal por virtude da sua decisão acordou em conferência, por unanimidade, em julgar procedente e provada a douda acusação e, consequentemente, condenou o réu na pena de dez anos de prisão maior, em dois anos de multa @ 20\$00 ao dia, devendo ser expulso do território nacional, cumprida a pena.

E logo fiz as intimações do art.º 525.º do Código de Justiça Militar e do art.º 162.º do Regulamento para a Execução do Código de Justiça Militar, sendo o praso de três dias e começando a contar-se a partir de amanhã nos termos da legislação vigente.

Foita e encerrada em sessão contínua e pública na sala das audiências do Tribunal Militar Territorial da Índia em Gôa, data retro, assinado o Presidente, o Juiz Auditor e o Vogal comigo Secretário, que a subscrevi, levando o visto do Promotor de Justiça.

O Presidente,  
Sd/-

Visto,  
O Promotor de Justiça  
Sd/-

O Juiz Auditor,  
Sd/-

O Juiz Militar Vogal,  
Sd/-

O Secretário  
Sd/-



## Appendix

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### Goa Liberation Movement: Some Memorable Moments

-- Champa Limaye

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May 15, 1955 — our third wedding anniversary. How significant a day this was to be, I had no idea of it. We were both sitting by the sea-side. The surface of the sea was calm as the last rays of the setting sun danced on the near-blue waves on the horizon. There was a calmness all around us, but I was unaware of the great turmoil that was raging within Madhuji's mind.

That evening Madhuji told me that he had decided to participate in the freedom movement for the liberation of Goa. How could the diehard freedom fighters of this country silently tolerate the subjugation of Goa by an alien power? Eventhough Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru considered the Goa issue as insignificant, the freedom fighters had decided to wipe out this last trace of disgrace from the soil of their motherland. From the year 1946, Dr. Lohia and others had initiated the freedom struggle in Goa with the support of the local people. In 1954 the agitation grew very fervent once again. Brave women like Sudhatai Joshi and Sindhutai Deshpande participated in it. In 1955 the now aged Senapati Bapat, Nanasaheb Gore, Shirubhau Limaye and others took charge of the movement. Members of the various opposition parties were also present

Days sped fast, after Madhuji took the decision of joining the movement. He was touring extensively. It was a crucial period for the Socialist Movement. The Party was on the verge of a split due to the differences of opinion about the attitude towards the Congress. Ashok Mehta group was propagating a policy of cooperation with the ruling Congress Party and Dr. Lohia, Madhu and several other comrades were opposed to it.

11 July was our son's—Aniruddha's first birthday. Madhuji celebrated it. We invited our friends and relatives as Madhuji was

going to participate in the movement. Farewell meetings were held. On the previous night of his departure, we returned from a farewell meeting quite late. The baby was wide awake and was waiting for his father. Whole night he did not sleep nor he allowed his father to sleep. He was playing with him, clinging to him. The following day Madhuji took leave of us from Dadar station. With tears in his eyes the little one threw his arms around his father and held on to him tightly. Perhaps by intuition he knew about the long period of separation.

In Pune, a farewell function was held opposite the famous Shaniwarwada, which was attended by a very large number of people. From Pune, Madhuji left for Belgaum along with the other sattyagrahis. From there they were to proceed to Aronda on 25th July. Madhuji was running very high temperature on the morning of 25th July. He had been suffering from acute attack of asthma for a month and was hence in poor health. Considering his condition he was advised not to join the agitation. But he remained firm on his decision. Their group consisted of 90 sattyagrahis from different corners of Maharashtra. The group from Marathwada was headed by Shri Kaka Deshmukh.

Braving the inclement weather these courageous men headed for the Goa border. It was a dark night in the month of Ashadha. Thunder and lightening reverberated through the night. As they were crossing a valley Madhuji's foot was cut on a sharp stone. His comrades rendered first aid and bound the wound and he hobbled along. Holding aloft the national flag these freedom fighters walked on raising slogans in praise of their motherland and for the freedom of Goa. Their helpers directed them till daybreak after which they briefed them with the rest of the directions and retracted their steps. It was said that these locals were supporters of the Portuguese and hence made sattyagrahis walk all night in order to tire them out by day break.

As the sattyagrahis reached Pedne, the Portuguese police pounced on them with lathis and whips. They were mercilessly beaten and dragged through mud. A kick in the stomach from a military boot and Madhuji found himself being dragged through the mud and dumped into a jeep. The sattyagrahis were treated in the most inhuman manner possible. They were then registered at the Pedne police station.



Later, Madhuji told me that the Christian and Muslim sattyagrahis were often beaten more mercilessly than the Hindus. The Portuguese officers thought that an Indian sattyagrahi was a Hindu. Why should the Christians and Muslims support the Hindus? They hated the former two groups and therefore more severe treatment was given to them. Madhuji advised the Muslim and Christian sattyagrahis not to reveal their real names. In spite of this, the Portuguese suspected a sattyagrahi once and thrashed him very savagely.

The sattyagrahis were then taken inside the Pedne Police station on the pretext of treatment of the wounds. But this farcical gesture would be followed by, all being lined and severely beaten again. Many of the sattyagrahis received head injuries. Apparently, some Portuguese women standing nearby loudly encouraged the police in their cruel deed. Here was an example of how cruel and inhuman the tender and loving heart of a woman, can turn into. When the police continued to beat them at intervals in this way, Madhuji stood up in anger and said, "Why don't you beat us up to your heart's content? Why do you pretend to apply balm to our wounds?" Shamefaced, they ceased tormenting these already tormented sattyagrahis.

Later, Madhuji was taken to Mhapusa and the same evening was transferred to Panaji Head Quarters. The whole day he was neither given a drop of water nor a morsel of food. On request of water the Portuguese police sneered, "You only get Cognac and Feni here. Or you could drink all the water you want, from the sea." Being the monsoon season, Madhuji could remain without water for many hours. No doubt he was fed on kicks and blows once in a while. At the Cartel (H.Q.) he was kept in the armoury room. At dusk, as the Portuguese soldiers came in to deposit their weapons, they would rest their stenguns on Madhuji's chest and jeer at him "Oh ! Sattyagrahi! Gandhi !" A nerve-racking experience. At that point, Madhuji almost preferred to receive a bullet than going through this torture. Finally all the soldiers left and one brown skinned Goan policeman remained. He had in fact earlier cautioned Madhuji, "Please don't say anything to them or these crazy men might just shoot you down!" On learning that Madhuji was thirsty and famished he provided him with a bun, some vegetable and a cup of tea. The little money that remained in his inner pocket came handy, since all the rest had been confiscated.

After some time he was taken to the police lock-up, a Mistij (half-Portuguese) officer told him, "Goa no place for politic. Today you

stay in the lock-up. Tomorrow we may fix you up." Threatening him with these words he put him into a cell. Shri Jagannathrao Joshi was waiting for him there. Till Madhuji was brought to Panaji Cartel he received innumerable thrashings but once inside the lock-up they did not touch him. On seeing his blood-stained, mud-caked clothes, Jagannathrao immediately offered a clean khadi pyjama and yellow khadi kurta to Madhuji. His clothes were also badly torn. When Madhuji was changing his clothes, Jagannathrao noticed that his body had virtually turned blueblack due to the beating. He provided him with a wooden plank to sleep on. Weary Madhuji went to sleep but spent a torturous night moaning in pain.

The sattyagrahis who returned home said that Madhuji was in a serious state. When a wounded Madhuji, soaked in his own blood was taken to the police lock-up, the worst fears had shaken their minds and the most disturbing rumours were also afloat.

It was the auspicious day of Raksha Bandhan. Visitors to our house from the early hours of the day, seemed to be in grief. We were perplexed. A short while later they began to console me and my son with words of love and sympathy. And then they spoke. The headlines in the Marathi daily *Lokamanyu* said, "Death of Madhu Limaye under imprisonment in Goa?"

There had been no news from Madhuji after they had crossed the Goa border on the night of 25th July. Numerous telegrams were sent but no response was received. It was but natural that this news item be accepted at its face value. It was now my turn to play the role of soothing the people, since an incident had taken place on the previous night. At 11 p.m., Mr. Butani, the 73 year old Principal of our college stood at our doorstep, in the blinding rain. He had just met me an hour ago on his regular visit. He would often spend a few minutes every evening helping me overcome my pain and sharing in my problems. What had brought him back again? Dada was drenched to the skin but his eyes had a special sparkle in them. He smiled and said, "We had a message from the Sachivalaya. The person who had taken the message knows not its importance. On reaching home. I learnt that Madhu is alright. I have come to give you this good news." The anxiety that had weighed on my mind since the day Madhuji left running with fever of 103 degrees heading this group of sattyagrahis, towards Goa on July 25,—suddenly lifted. To me, Dada seemed like an angel at my doorstep!

The day usually dispels the darkness of the night, but here the moonlight was enveloped by dark shadow of doubt and fear, when the day dawned. Ironically I was the one consoling and lending support to all around. To this point I had remained steadfast, but now with the faintest shadow of doubt my courage was beginning to crack. The whole day proved nightmarish for all—relatives, neighbours and countless friends. A tamilian neighbour affectionately brought food for us and requested me to have something.

Finally, a dialogue took place between Ashok Mehta and Panditji regarding Madhuji's welfare and information about his well-being was gathered from the Indian Consulate in Goa. The same was aired over All India Radio. Peace descended on us, at last. At first a feeling of joy which was soon clouded by unknown fears and doubts. The momentary eclipse of joy had been dispelled but when would Goa emerge from the eclipse of subjugation was the question?

Back in Goa, Madhuji was detained with Jagannathrao Joshi for two days. He was then shifted to another cell which already housed 25 Goan prisoners. The place was fairly crammed yet they very affectionately made place for Madhuji in one corner. At night Madhuji would narrate stories to them. They were soon deeply influenced by his words of patriotism.

After the news item in the *Lokamanya* and the discussion in Parliament, the Indian Consel stationed in Goa, Shri Mani paid a visit to the jail to meet Madhuji. Later he often extolled the courage and tenacity of Madhuji whenever we met.

On 3rd August, Madhuji and all the others were taken to the Altinho Jail, a little hospital, perched on a hill that had been converted into a temporary jail. Here he was confined to a small room where he remained in solitary confinement for five months, cut off from the rest of the world. His thali of food was merely pushed through the door of the cell. The Portuguese Guard posted outside his cell once tried to communicate with him but failed. Neither could understand the language of the other. Madhuji spent many long hours in reading his books. The young guard too often sat with a book but apparently, never turned a page!

On 4th August the Chef-de-Cabinet (Chief Secretary) visited Madhuji. He mentioned to him about the news item in the *Lokamanya* about his probable death, hearing which Madhuji was dumbstruck.

What kind of effect did it have on me? His reactions were later on described to me by the Governor General of Goa in a proper dramatic style in the Latin tradition. The Chef-de-Cabinet's visit was followed by a visit by the infamous Montero, an arch enemy of the sattyagrahis. At first he said to Madhuji "Well ! You were a day late hence you did not encounter me. I would have dealt with you." Anyway, he later emerged a warm and kind person. He made enquiries about Madhu's health and on learning that Madhuji was an asthma patient arranged for a doctor to see him. In fact, upto this day his wounds had not been attended to at all. Nanasahab Gore also made mention of Montero's strange behaviour. Apparently, as a gentlemanly gesture he would offer a cigarette to a sattyagrahi after he had beaten him mercilessly. Users of the Roman language and followers of the Catholic faith, the Portuguese were vastly different from the British—in that, there was a certain humanitarianism in them. The British on the other hand, were a dry, insensitive lot. 15th August 1955 marked one of those great freedom movements which witness to countless sacrifices. People poured in from different parts of the country. Mahankal, Karnal Singh, Hirve Guruji and others became martyrs. Brave women like Sahodaradevi received bullets and innumerable sattyagrahis like Keshav Gore, Madhu Dandavate were severely beaten.

This was my first visit to Goa. Our friend Kamerkar was to accompany me from Bombay upto the Goa border. From Karwar Shri Sathe, the personal Secretary of the Consel Shri Mani, and Dr. Nanji were also with us. At Majali we crossed the Indian border and entered the *No-Man's Land*. But none of us was permitted to step into Portuguese ruled Goa. Shri Sathe was to report on his duty and Dr. Nanji was to preside over a meeting of board of directors, hence they were soon granted permission. But why would they grant me entry?—The wife of a freedom fighter—their enemy. Disappointment flooded my mind. Sathe promised to clear me through and carried on. I returned to the Majali Customs Office where arrangement was made for my stay. In the evening the Chief Customs Officer Mr. Pai and his wife visited me and pressed me to stay with them as long I got permission to enter Goa.

The beauty of Karwar—on the banks of the mighty Arabian sea, its blue limitless waters, captivating landscape and lush green forest cover soothed my mind and helped reduce my sorrows. I felt refreshed by the affection expressed by the Pai couple. The following

day an officer of the Consel came from Panaji, in a specially arranged car to escort me. Bidding farewell to all, I crossed the Goa border. At the Indian border my luggage had been checked very perfunctorily but in the Portuguese Goa each and every item was singled out for inspection. Since Indian newspapers were banned in Goa, a small sheet of paper found round my slippers was closely checked, but it bore no news about Goa. I had numerous books on the Communist Party, of which they could barely decipher the titles. They felt threatened by these voluminous books in my trunk. I told them these are critical books on Communism but they could not take the decision on punishing me. They then got into the car. About 10 miles inside the border we came to a village called Kankon. As the car halted outside a police station we were immediately surrounded by a lot of soldiers. Inside, they contacted the Secretariat over the wireless and apprised them of my crime.

The man from the consulate was a young Muslim. I asked him about his opinion on the matter to which he replied, "They are aware in how much esteem the Consel holds you. May be they will confiscate the books and will allow you to proceed." Our car was allowed to proceed after half an hour. Till then they were all thinking that I was a great revolutionary playing the role of Aruna Asafali or so!

As the tension lifted, I was able to drink in the beauty of Goa, almost as if a curtain had been raised from before my eyes. The lush green lands carpet, the palms swaying to the breeze and the sun's rays peeped through the drops of rain giving the scene an unusual beauty.

On reaching the Consulate I was received warmly by Shri. Mani who immediately phoned the Police Commissioner to arrange for my meeting with Madhuji the same day. I waited at the Cartel for Madhuji with a bunch of flowers. The Police Commissioner Antonious said, "He does not know why I have called for him. Generally we call the detainees for thrashing. I want to give him a pleasant surprise." Every moment of wait seemed like eternity. After the ordeal he had gone through, it almost seemed like a meeting after rebirth. My eyes were brimming with tears and I could hardly see his face clearly. Emotions choked my voice and I could hardly utter a word.

The following day I went to the Cartel. In a short while Madhuji was brought for an interview. Some foreign journalists and reporters who had gathered there wished to interview both of us. They asked

me as to how the Portuguese Government had treated me. I was on the horns of a dilemma. If I would have said they treated me well they would have flashed it in the international press. If I would have complained about the treatment I had received, they would have taken revenge on Madhu. So I refused to make any statement. Madhuji told them, "I am not a free citizen as yet. I will give you an interview after my release and will then be able to give you my opinion on your numerous questions."

Madhuji did not allow them to photograph us together either. His generally neat and tidy appearance and bright countenance seemed dulled by pain and seemed to have lost its lustre. This was the first time I saw him with his sporting moustache.

On the last day I went to Altinho jail for an interview with Madhu. In fact I wanted to see his cell. Next day I was to return to Bombay. Police Commissioner Antonious accepted my request and took me to the jail in the morning. In fact he granted me another interview again in the afternoon. In the afternoon when I reached the Cartel, Antonios was in a drunken state. Accompanied with 3-4 sergeants, he started his jeep. I was taken aback. I soon noticed that we were moving in the opposite direction. On questioning Antonious about the change in the route he told me that they were taking me for sightseeing of Goa. I told him that the Consel had already taken me to various places for sightseeing. In fact along with sightseeing he had taken me to many patriot families. Antonious then said, "Let us go for shopping. Goa is a free port." "No thank you. I don't want to do shopping." I said. To which he suggested that we at least have some drinks together. I firmly refused him and told him, "My husband is in jail and hence I am not interested in such things. Besides that I am a teetotaler. I don't drink. Please take me to the jail or let us go back. We will enjoy when Goa will be liberated and my husband would be free."

He then changed the route and brought me back to the jail. That was an unforgettable experience—an isolated jungle area, 3-4 Portuguese soldiers and a young woman alone. But if God wills it, one can escape safely from any situation. Later, I came to know that Antonious was a very decent person, a thorough gentleman. His gesture was out of hospitality, that he wanted to shower.

A few days later the Portuguese Government chargesheeted the Goa sattyagrahis. On this, the Poona-based Goa Vimochan Samiti appointed a lawyer called Kesero to fight their cases. All submitted

their petitions to Kesero with the sole exception of Madhuji. Kesero asked me to help convince Madhuji to change his decision and take the assistance of a lawyer. To which I told him in lighter vein, "If I coax him to take up a lawyer he will divorce me at once! It is sheer impossible to try and make him alter his decision, which is based on the principles of a sattyagrahi,—no advocate, no argument and no appeal. Besides that he dislikes anyone's interference."

When Sudhatai Joshi was sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment many leaders were shocked. When Madhuji's reaction was sought, he told them that since they had joined the sattyagraha movement with their own will they had to accept things courageously and that this result was expected.

Madhuji was brought before the military tribunal on 3rd November 1955. The Tribunal consisted of two military officials and a civilian judge. They granted Madhuji the permission to present a witness and employ a lawyer for his defence. In this way a pretence of a fair trial commenced. Madhuji told them, "Goa is a part of India and we don't require anyone's permission to set foot here. My statement before the police earlier remains the same. I have no intention of altering it." Mentally he thought to himself—"why don't they get over with this farcical exercise?" The utter mockery of the Law under the Fascist regime of the Portuguese was there for all to see and Madhuji had taken upon himself to expose it all.

On 6 January 1956 Madhuji was presented before the Tribunal once again. The Judges asked him, "Do you feel any repentence?" To which he answered, "Repentence! What for? I do not recognise your rule at all." At which, the judges immediately rose to their feet. Then the guards drew their glittering swords from their scabbards. This was to create atmosphere of terror. The judges then withdrew for a private discussion. On emerging they announced a 10 year sentence and penalty, failing to pay which would result in an additional imprisonment of two years.

Kesero enquired if he wanted to make an appeal. Madhuji did not allow him permission to do so. Kesero told me Madhuji runs the risk of being deported to Africa or Portugal and in that case we would not be able even to see each other. I told Kesero that I could not change what was to be. If Madhuji had made up his mind, it was final.

After the sentence was announced, Madhuji was kept with Nanasaheb Gore and Shirubhau Limaye, but later on they were

separated. When the 12 year sentence was given, a fat Portuguese guard, whom they had nicknamed 'Ganapati' danced with glee and teased Madhuji saying, "Your son will be in college by the time we release you." On 12 January they were all taken to Fort Aguada. Jagannath Joshi, Rajaram Patil and a rich Goan named Furtado were also in Madhuji's cell. The latter taught Madhuji Portuguese till he was moved out of that cell.

Madhu began his stay at Aguada fort in a cell which was facing the sea. During the monsoon, the mighty waves lashed against the stone walls of the fort. The sea water would sometimes find its way into the yard through the chinks in the wall. Madhuji was much entertained by this play of nature. He loved to enjoy the might of the sea. His days at Aguada Fort were peaceful since he had also regained his health, by sheer will power. He spent most of his time in reading. His friends communicated with him through a secret coded language of theirs. Those days India was going through a great many upheavals. The agitation for a united Maharashtra was on the peak. The new Socialist Party was formed under the leadership of Dr. Lohia at the Conference in Hyderabad. Madhuji kept himself informed about the international events through the foreign newspapers. For the national news too, he had to rely on the foreign press and letters that he was receiving from the friends. Due to the closure of the Indian Consulate in Goa all communication was through the Egyptian Embassy while the Portuguese worked through the Brazilian Embassy.

In February 1956 I went to Goa with Aniruddha. My Brother-in-law, Mohan accompanied us. Little Aniruddha was to meet his father after 8 long months.

I requested the Governor General for a written note granting me permission to meet Madhuji. But he promised me that he would contact the jail authorities and that I would have no difficulty in meeting him.

In the afternoon we crossed the river Mandovi and reached a village called Betti Vere from where we took a taxi for Fort the Aguada. At the fort we were told that the families of the local prisoners were visiting their relatives in the jail and being foreigners we could not be allowed on that day. When I informed them that the Governor General had granted me permission, they asked me for a written statement and said they had no intimation from the Governor General whatsoever. They had infact informed Madhuji about our



proposed visit and he was anxiously awaiting our arrival inside, from early morning. The interpreter took a sadistic pleasure in causing us mental torment. The interpreter had earlier been deported from Bombay as alleged spy and now he was taking his revenge on us. The next day I conveyed the day's happenings to the Governor General through the Egyptian Consel and we were granted written permission to meet Madhuji the following day. The meeting of the father and the son after such a long gap was a touching scene. The next day also the interpreter created lots of problems about the language. He told me not to speak in Marathi but to use only English in our conversation. I told him I cannot speak English. To that he retorted, "I know you are a professor. You can speak English. If his mother comes I will allow her to speak in Marathi." Then he rationed our time to half an hour. I told him I have come after eight long months. I can't come every week. But he did not agree. Next day the Governor General gave them strict warning not to disturb us but to allow us to talk to our heart's content, as he saw my point.

In October 1956 I went to Goa again with our friend Vinayakrao Kulkarni. The Goa agitation had subsided. In Maharashtra, the agitation for a united Maharashtra was hotting up. The new Portuguese interpreter was good-humoured unlike the previous one, who took devilish delight in tormenting us. The new interpreter on the other hand, used to ask me jocularly, "Don't you have anything personal to say to your husband besides news about political parties, leaders, conferences, resolutions etc.?" To which I asked him, "How does one speak about one's personal feelings in the presence of so many? And he is more interested in knowing all the developments in the Party and in the Indian Politics." The new interpreter gave us more time and they even played with Aniruddha affectionately. Madhuji used to take him inside to meet the other friends. Aniruddha used to captivate their hearts by his enchanting smile with dimples on his cheeks. They all enjoyed his company. While we were coming back his hand was injured in the bus. A Portuguese soldier took him in his lap and started singing a lullaby to soothe him. Perhaps he was remembering his own baby far away in Portugal. At Karwar there was no room available in the hotel, where a person occupying a room voluntarily vacated it for me. It was a pleasant surprise, compared to the nasty treatment I had formerly received at Belgaum in the previous trip at the hands of the Government officials. I returned from Goa along with the Egyptian Consel to Belgaum. The officials

refused to take cognisance of our presence. They had no sympathy for the Sattyagrahi's family or a little baby. They were just not concerned and lacked human feelings. On the contrary the wife of the Aguada Jailer used to fondle Aniruddha lovingly and offered him chocolates. This rogue used to offer her the paper rapped around with a charming smile and used to enjoy it.

Days flew fast and the Goa issue began to fade in the minds of the people. Since the agitation had quietened down considerably now, only the families of the sattyagrahis and their friends were involved. It was the month of January 1957, when Father Kareno, a spanish priest came to our house with some wonderful news. The Indian prisoners who were held as state prisoners in Goa were to receive international amnesty and all were to be released soon. Our joy knew no bounds. The news spread around rapidly. On February 1, an Italian journalist met Madhuji and informed him about the International Amnesty.

On the morning of February 2, at about 4.30 a.m., young Aniruddha woke me up and said, "Wake up, ma. Let us go to Belgaum. Father is free, let us go to bring him home." It is said that, the going on in the mind, usually reflects in one's dreams.

But strangely enough, the early morning AIR news bulletin announced that, "The Indian prisoners have been released and they have been brought to the borders of Goa." That evening Madhuji's friend Bandu Gore accompanied Aniruddha and myself to Pune. Next morning thousands of people had gathered at Pune station to receive the sattyagrahis. At Bombay V.T. Station a sea of humanity greeted the sattyagrahis with love and respect. Happiness and relief was writ all over the faces.

My personal association with Goa, in fact, ends here. The final story of Goa is indeed, noteworthy. The freedom movement of Goa initiated by Dr. Lohia had witnessed countless sacrifices of unsung heroes who valiantly bore the cruelty of the rulers.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru had adamantly, continued to speak of peace as the only solution. But he finally conceded and the Indian army was sent into Goa on 19 December 1961, to retrieve this piece of Indian soil from alien rulers. Even after the Portuguese were overthrown, the Central Government continued to impose restrictions on the entry into Goa. Madhuji had himself, finally, to resort to sattyagraha to end the permit system, required to enter Goa.

Despotic rule of Salazar came to an end in Portugal on one wintry night and a new era of democracy was ushered in. Later Mario Soaris, leader of the Socialist Party of Portugal took over as the Prime Minister. He welcomed the freedom of Goa and extended a hand of friendship towards India. In June 1978 the Socialist leaders of Portugal invited Madhuji to Lisbon. The Portuguese Government and Parliament gave a rousing welcome to this leader of the Goa Freedom Movement and a Socialist comrade. His visit heralded the end of a dark era of despotism and slavery. It was a testimony of the fact that a 500 year old enmity between India and Portugal, driven by despotic rule had come to an end.

This was no doubt a happy exchange that took place in the aftermath of the Goa Liberation struggle.



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Madhu Limaye (1 May 1922 - 8 January 1995), the most prominent leader of the Socialist Movement had been an intellectual and an outstanding Parliamentarian. He was elected member of the Lok Sabha four times. He had been a lifelong fighter for civil liberties.

He had been imprisoned during the freedom struggle of India, and also during the days of Goa Liberation Movement. Again, he spent nineteen months in detention during the Emergency.

Limaye held various offices: Secretary, All India Socialist Party; Secretary, Asian Socialist Conference; Chairman, Socialist Party; Leader of the SSP Parliamentary Group. He was also the General Secretary of the Janata Party and later, of the Lok Dal.

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